THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES VOLUME LX. | No. 3608 August 30, 1913 | FROM BEGINNING VOL. CCLXXVIII

CONTENTS

I.	The Poetry of Robert Bridges. *By John Bailey.*	Quarterly Review	515
II.	"The Average American."	Blackwood's Magazine	530
III.	Color-Blind. Chapter XIX. *By Alice Perrin.* (To be concluded.)	Times	533
IV.	The Decreasing Value of Money. *By Walter F. Ford.*	Fortnightly Review	540
V.	Henri Rochefort. *By John F. Macdonald.*	Contemporary Review	548
VI.	Fils d'Émigré. *By D. K. Broster.*	Cornhill Magazine	552
VII.	The Point of View. *By A. A. M.*	Punch	559
VIII.	The Nerve Doctor.	Saturday Review	561
IX.	Rudyard Kipling.	Times	563
X.	Swifts, Swallows and Martins. *By F. G. Aflalo.*	Outlook	568
XI.	The Fate of the Jew.	Athenæum	571
XII.	The Tryst. *By Rabindranath Tagore.*	Nation	573

A PAGE OF VERSE

XIII.	The Pines. *By James Elroy Flecker.*	514
XIV.	Dawn. *By William Watson.*	514
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	575

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE PINES.

Oh, shall I never, never be home again!
Meadows of England shining in the rain,
Spread wide your daisied lawns, your ramparts green
With briar fortify, with blossoms screen
Till my far morning—and O streams that slow,
And pure and deep through plains and playlands go,
For me your love and all your king-cups store,
And—dark militia of the southern shore,
Old fragrant friends—preserve me the last lines
Of that long saga which you sung me, pines,
When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen tree
I listened, with my eyes upon the sea.

O traitor pines! you sang what life has found
The falsest of fair tales.
Earth blew a far-borne prelude all around,
That native music of her forest home,
While from the sea's blue fields and siren dales,
Shadows and light-noon spectres of the foam,
Riding the summer gales
On aery viols plucked an idle sound,
Hearing you sing, O trees!
Hearing you murmur, There are older seas
That beat on vaster sands
Where the wise snailfish move their pearly towers
To carven rocks and sculptured prom-ont'ries,
Hearing you whisper, Lands
Where blaze the unimaginable flowers.

Beneath me in the valley waves the palm,
Beneath, beyond the valley, breaks the sea,
Beneath me sleep in mist, and light, and calm,
Cities of Lebanon, dream-shadow-dim,
Where Kings of Tyre and Kings of Tyre did rule
In ancient days in endless dynasty.
And all around the snowy mountains swim
Like mighty swans afloat in heaven's pool.

But I will walk upon the wooded hill
Where stands a grove O pines! of sister pines,
And when the downy twilight droops her wing,
And no sea glimmers and no mountain shines,
My heart shall listen still.
For pines are gossip pines the wide world through,
And full of runic tales to sigh and sing;
'Tis ever sweet through pines to see the sky
Blushing a deeper gold or darker blue;
'Tis ever sweet to lie
On the dry carpet of the needles brown;
And while the fanciful green lizards stir,
And windy odors, light as thistledown,
Breathe from the laudanum and lavender,
Half to forget the wandering and pain,
Half to remember days that have gone by,
And dream and dream that I am home again.

Beyrouth. *James Elroy Flecker.*

DAWN.

Dawn—and a magical stillness: on earth, quiescence profound;
On the waters a vast Content, as of hunger appeased and stayed;
In the heavens a silence that seems not mere privation of sound,
But a thing with form and body, a thing to be touched and weighed.

Yet I know that I dwell in the midst of the roar of the cosmic wheel,
In the collision of Forces, and clangor of boundless Strife,
'Mid the sound of the speed of the worlds, the rushing worlds, and the peal
Of the thunder of Life.

William Watson.

THE POETRY OF ROBERT BRIDGES.

One of the pleasantest features in the intellectual landscape of the moment is unquestionably the revival of poetry. Not that anyone who knew anything at all about poetry could suppose it would really die. It has had too many deaths, followed by too many resurrections, for that. We are now grown older and wiser than the people who, in the age of Spenser and the Elizabethan drama, declared poetry to be useless and provoked Sidney to write the "Apology," without which their very existence would be forgotten; or than Peacock, who, in the age of Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley, asserted that poetry was obsolete and absurd, and had the same good fortune as his obscurer predecessors by provoking a reply from Shelley which has saved his attack from total oblivion. All such fears have now passed away for ever from the minds of intelligent people. Criticism, which has often injured poetry, has now done for it the supreme service of showing the essential eternity of its nature. It has taught us to see in poetry the highest and most permanently satisfying of all interpretations of life, a thing which has the potentiality of being as many-colored, as transcendental, as infinite and therefore as immortal as life itself. So long as man lives he will have an ear, a mind, an imagination and a spirit; and all four, especially if, as we may hope, they gradually develop in power, will more and more claim poetry as the only food which they can partake in common, and in the strength of which they realize their unity in themselves and their hold on ultimate and immutable truth.

This being so, believers in poetry were not likely to be led away by the voices which, after the deaths of Browning, Tennyson and Swinburne, proclaimed that English poetry was dead in their graves. Nor are they likely to be taken by surprise by the present revival. This, like everything else in a Democratic age, seems at present to be more remarkable for extent and size than for distinction. But we need not quarrel with that. The thing is genuine; the stuff is honest poetic material, not shoddy; and if some of the treatment tends at present to give us a kind of rhetorical realism in place of that musical and imaginative interpretation of life which is poetry, that is not unnatural in an age dominated by melodramatic journalism: and will pass away as those who practise it learn its emptiness by experience. Even if these defects were more marked than they are, they would afford no reason for failing to rejoice in the fact that poetry now makes monthly magazines go into second editions; that it has established a bookshop of its own, selling nothing but its own wares, a thing probably unknown before on this, hitherto, mainly prosaic earth; that it has issued a volume of "Georgian poetry" which includes nothing published before the accession of George V; finally that it has now established a quarterly review devoted solely to poetry and the discussion of poetry. All these things are of the best omen; they mean that the young poets believe in themselves and have found a public which believes in them too.

But in poetry, as in life itself, there are no absolutely new departures. The new which is to live is rooted in the old and knows that it is. So these young poets—and it is not the least in-

[1] "Poetical Works of Robert Bridges," excluding the eight dramas. London: Henry Frowde, 1912.

2 "Poetical Works of Robert Bridges." Vols. I to VI. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1898—1905

teresting fact about them—have dedicated their volume, not to some revolutionary critic who flatters them by saying that they are the people and that wisdom was born with them, but to the most scholarly of English poets, to the intensely Etonian and Oxonian Robert Bridges. In him they rightly recognize the greatest living master of their art in this country, and at his feet they lay their work, an offering which does as much honor to them as to him. Mr. Bridges has been as careful, not to say perverse, in avoiding fame as other men are in seeking for it: but even he must, we should suppose, take some pleasure in this striking tribute from his young fellow-craftsmen, poets so unlike him, and yet so like in that likeness which obliterates all unlikeness, in the sincere love and earnest practice of the greatest of the arts.

Only a few months after the appearance of this significant dedication, an event occurred which gives it a special interest. The death of Mr. Alfred Austin leaves the office of Poet Laureate vacant. That office, if it is to be continued at all on the present lines, demands from its holder certain special gifts which many great poets have not possessed. Mr. Austin was not a great poet; he had neither the high imagination nor the large utterance of the great poets. But he had in abundance some of the qualifications which the Laureate needs. The poet who is to speak in verse for the whole nation, almost as the Sovereign or the Prince of Wales may occasionally speak for it in prose, must be a patriot, proud of his country, full of pride in her past and faith in her future. He must be something of a politician at least to the extent of believing, as poets have not always believed, in the greatness of political issues; and he must accept, and indeed honor, the traditions of his country. These gifts are the indispensable outfit of the Laureate; and they were as clearly possessed by Mr. Austin as they were lacking to greater men, like Shelley, for instance, or Blake. And he added other gifts almost equally desirable for the part it fell to him to play. The strongest and perhaps the best thing in him was his genuine love of all that is specially English in meadow, wood and garden, English birds and trees and flowers. And the type of humanity in which he saw his ideal was also one that was obviously built on very English lines. All these things, which for some other purposes might be weaknesses, were sources of strength for the Laureateship, and though neither they nor the title of Laureate could raise a mediocre poet out of his mediocrity, they did give him the best possible field for the powers he had.

His death leaves the office vacant, with no obvious successor marked out by universal opinion. Some suggest that the opportunity should be taken to abolish a post which has become an anachronism. But that is not the English manner of dealing with anachronisms. We do not abolish; we transform. The King may no longer wish for a versifier to present him with complimentary odes on his birthday; but the poet is still the greatest of all national voices, and both King and nation may well desire to speak through him. If this be so, it will scarcely do to abandon the official and political position of the Laureate, and make the title a mere compliment to the greatest living English poet. For fifty fortunate years the greatest of our poets was also the most national. But we cannot expect that the happy accident, which united in Wordsworth, and still more in Tennyson, all possible claims on the Laureateship, will always recur. We may be content with the unquestionable fact that there are several living poets who would do no

dishonor to the laurel. But probably, as that dedication of "Georgian" poetry tends to show, the appointment which would be received with most satisfaction among those who love and practise English letters is that of Mr. Bridges. All see in him a master of their art, a lover of its past, a builder of its future, a true and genuine poet, who has not only "uttered nothing base" but nothing empty or insincere. All feel that while he has never in any way courted popularity, he has all through his life been intensely and passionately English, cherishing and honoring all that is best in the traditions and character of the English people. And, what is not unimportant, all have found in his poems a loving observation of all that lives and grows in English fields such as none of our poets have surpassed. There is one other thing too. His Eton ode, to refer to only one instance, shows that he possesses not a little of the gift, seen at its highest in Horace, at not very far from its highest in Tennyson, of being able to take the set theme provided for him by an official occasion and make of it an opportunity for the production of a noble poem. That is the gift of gifts for a Laureate; and if the Laureateship should be offered to and accepted by Mr. Bridges,[3] one may be sure that his official utterances will give us poetry fitly expressing, but also far transcending, the mere event which they celebrate.

However this may be, those who are interested in these questions have now a better opportunity than they ever had before of forming their own opinion on the work of Mr. Bridges. His poems have just been issued for the first time in one volume; and the library edition of his works will soon be completed. The single volume contains all that we get in the seven of the larger edition except the dramas and some work now published for the first time. Altogether independent, therefore, of the question of the Laureateship, the present is a convenient moment for an examination of the poetical work and position of Mr. Bridges.

He was born in 1844 and consequently will be seventy next year. We may hope that his old age will be as long and as fruitful as Landor's or Tennyson's; but in his case, as in theirs, it is not likely to alter his position as a poet. His work may be divided into three parts; the plays and masks, the metrical experiments, and the lyrics. Almost all that is of final importance belongs to the third class. Indeed, the plays and the poems of prosody are mainly important just so far as they give scope to the poet's lyrical genius, and not much further. Drama asks a certain demonic energy which is not in Mr. Bridges. It can scarcely be written by a man whose whole life, after a few years spent in the study and practice of medicine, has been given to the labors and pleasures of a literary retirement. A dramatist is a man who has the capacity for being caught and carried away out of himself in the whirl of things, the particular things out of which the plot of his drama is to come; and part of the price that has to be paid for a life so wise and pleasant as that of Mr. Bridges is just the loss of that capacity. The gifts of reflection, meditation, judgment, even sympathy are developed; the gift of absorption in the delight and fury of that battle of life which is the stuff of drama is almost inevitably lost. Indeed, to the spectator who looks at it through Cowper's "loopholes of retreat," both the delight and the fury are apt to seem a little ridiculous. The world for him seems a stage and all its men and women merely players; and it is one of life's

[3] Mr. Bridges was appointed Poet Laureate, July 17th.—Editor of The Living Age.

truest paradoxes that, directly they seem that, they cannot be made into a play. Hamlet and Jaques would by themselves be fatal to drama. The dramatist, to be a dramatist, has got to get far enough away from such people to confront them with others who wholeheartedly believe in the sufficiency of the business and pleasure of living. That the meditative recluse can rarely do. Consequently the plays of Mr. Bridges are the plays of a scholarly dilettante, accomplished and graceful, with all sorts of interesting things in them, especially to scholars, but not great dramas. The poet says that they were all intended for the stage, except the first part of Nero, but they are in fact scholarly exercises quite unsuitable for the boards. They are wanting not only in the action and business, but in the concentration of interest and definitely marked characters necessary for the stage.

By far the best of them is "Achilles in Scyros"; and in this as in the two masks, "Prometheus" and "Demeter," the strength lies, not in anything dramatic, but in the beautiful poetry to which Mr. Bridges' loving and watchful observation of nature, and his meditations upon human life, often give occasion, especially in the Choruses. Worshipper of the spring, and of the joyous and relentless purpose of earth, as he has been throughout, he has never perhaps put either the beauty of it, or its pitilessness, better than in the first Chorus of "Achilles." Here is the beauty of the spring birds:

"And on the day of relenting she suddenly weareth
Her budding crowns. O then, in the early morn,
Is any song that compareth
With the gaiety of birds, that thrill the gladdened air
In inexhaustible chorus
To awake the sons of the soil
With music more than in brilliant halls sonorous
(—It cannot compare—)
Is fed to the ears of kings
From the reeds and hirèd strings.
For love maketh them glad;
And if a soul be sad,
Or a heart oracle dumb,
Here may it taste the promise of joy to come."

The Chorus goes on to describe "The omnipotent one desire" of earth and the end "whereto it leapeth and striveth continually, and pitieth nought nor spareth"; the whole recalling the Greek tragedians, who so often in their choral songs took some one or other of these ancient and slumbering commonplaces of human experience, and touched it to new life and energy by adding to it a personal note of their own, and applying it to the business in hand.

Before going to the lyrics a few words may be added on the "Poems in Classical Prosody" with which the collected volume concludes. It is impossible here to discuss Mr. Bridges' metrical views and practices which exhibit an attempt to write quantitative verse in English. The earlier ones follow closely the rules elaborated by the poet's friend, Mr. Stone; the later show a gradual emancipation from them. This emancipation, which partly arises from disagreement with Mr. Stone as to the length of certain syllables, is an illustration of what appears to most people to be the fatal difficulty in the whole system, that is, the scarcely disputable fact that quantity is too uncertain in English to be capable of use as the decisive element in a metrical system. However, here the poems are, the experiments of a man who is at once poet and scholar; quantitative English hexameters, elegiacs, alcaics and others; things obviously worth looking at. But for our present purpose it must suffice to say that even those who care least for the technicalities of poetic workmanship will be unwise to pass these poems

over unread. For the two long hexameter epistles contain, perhaps, the ripest thought of the poet on such eternal problems as those of art and science, art and nature, egoism and altruism, the state and the individual, the history and destiny of man.

But the ultimate fame of Mr. Bridges will depend almost entirely on his lyrics; for we need not stay to discuss the only other poems, which are neither dramas nor metrical experiments. These are his "Eros and Psyche," an extremely pretty retelling of the story of Apuleius, showing often the strong influence of Keats in a certain delicate exquisiteness of handling; and "The Growth of Love," a series of sonnets, sometimes almost as difficult to disentangle as the most famous of their predecessors. They contain fine and significant things, of course; but one is not altogether surprised that the poet did not himself desire to reprint them. Putting these aside, then, the rest of the work of Mr. Bridges consists of lyrics, and is to be found in the five books of "Shorter Poems" and in those called "New Poems" and "Later Poems." Here unquestionably the poet's vital and permanent poetic achievement is to be sought. He grew up in an age when all the formative influences of poetry had long been setting in the lyrical direction, as indeed they still in the main are; and, recluse as he has been, he not the less belongs to his own time and bears its mark. The lyric is the putting into musical language of an emotional or imaginative experience which the poet has himself individually and personally gone through, but which he recreates as a a work of art, that is as something no longer merely individual but now also universal, a thing which is at once his own and the whole world's, at once the accident of a moment in a single life, and a part of the eternal truth of all time and all existence. That is the ideal lyric, and the attempt at producing it has been the chief business of English poetry since Wordsworth and Shelley. Sometimes the universal aspect has been over-emphasized, as occasionally in Shelley, with the result of a certain emptiness and lack of vitality; sometimes, as occasionally with Wordsworth, the poet has been inclined to lay too much stress on the momentary individual experience, with the result of exposing himself to the charge of triviality. Poetry needs both philosophy and fact, but it can easily have too much of either. It is one of the merits of Mr. Bridges that he has not forgotten either need. He has plenty of thought, but also plenty of observation and of a strong though quiet emotion. His thoughts are seen and felt; his facts felt and thought; his emotions have an intellectual and even a sensuous element in them. He loves life almost as eagerly and realistically as Walt Whitman though not as universally: he has the moral earnestness of the best English tradition, of Milton and Wordsworth; he has a Keats-like quickness of eye for all things curious and delicate and beautiful; and he has an equipment of knowledge of art, science and literature possessed by none of these poets except Milton. What has he made of it all? What is his actual poetic achievement?

Well, it does not include any single poem of the first magnitude. He has done nothing which can be brought into comparison either for quantity or for quality with the principal works of the great nineteenth century poets. "Hyperion," "Adonais," the Immortality Ode, the great parts of "The Prelude" and "The Excursion," he never climbs to such altitudes as these; nor can he remain so long on the highest points to which he does attain. His is a somewhat small voice of occasional intermittent utterance, incapable of

the sustained flights of song which belong to men of higher and more continuous inspiration. No sane admiration of his work will deny that it is that of a minor poet. But within these limits it may be said to be both fairly abundant and almost invariably of fine quality. Many poets who have left a few much greater things have not left half as many poems which their readers wish to get by heart as may be found in the seven books of Mr. Bridges' lyrics. Not many lyrics of the last thirty years are more often repeated by lovers of poetry than such things as, "I have loved flowers that fade," "Since thou, O fondest and truest," "I love all beauteous things," the great Eton Ode, the "Nightingales," and the two wonderful poems over dead children, "I never shall love the snow again Since Maurice died," and "Perfect little body without fault or stain on thee." And few poets have published so little that their readers wish away. If it is the business of poetry to give a new life to life itself, then the poetry which arises spontaneously in our minds as we go through the experiences which life brings with it is poetry that has the real thing in it. Not much stands that test better than the "Shorter Poems" of Mr. Bridges. To everyone who knows them they are for ever recurring, making some sight or sound encountered on our way a thing of more interest and significance than it would have been if we had never read that little volume. For foreigners the poet may suffer, as Wordsworth suffers, by his very English character, and still more by the almost exclusively English limitations of his landscape. But many inhabitants of this island, who have never left it, and for whom the rich Italian landscape of Shelley and Byron and Browning can never give more than that occasional and temporary satisfaction, which belongs to the escape from experienced truth, will find it an added source of gratitude to Mr. Bridges that his birds and trees and flowers are familiar and their own. No poet, perhaps not even Wordsworth or Tennyson or Cowper, has done more to fill English fields and lanes with poetry. Mr. Bridges has seen everything with a Whitmanlike simplicity, directness and modernity, yet he never forgets, as Whitman often forgets, that the taking of inventories is the business, not of a poet, but of an auctioneer. He touches nothing but what he has seen with more than the naked eye; what he can use to set up a current of poetic force which will flow between him and his readers, each feeling each. But within the limits from which art has no wish to escape, how abundant he is, how fresh, how sincere! We walk by the seashore, and it is he who has made the sea poppy more for us than a yellow flower.

"A poppy grows upon the shore,
Bursts her twin cup in summer late;
Her leaves are glaucous-green and hoar,
Her petals yellow, delicate.

Oft to her cousins turns her thought,
In wonder if they care that she
Is fed with spray for dew, and caught
By every gale that sweeps the sea.

She has no lovers like the red,
That dances with the noble corn:
Her blossoms on the waves are shed,
Where she stands shivering and forlorn."

The thing is done; the flower which was merely a flower before is now also a creature of poetry, arousing memory, imagination, the sense of a really living world. The botanical facts about its shape and date and color are observed and given as accurately as if the verses were Tennyson's; the lightness and delicacy of handling are what Tennyson's large and ornate manner could not give;

they look back to the young Keats or earlier still. The combination is Robert Bridges; and the result is a poem that connects the yellow poppy for ever with him, in the same way as the Small Celandine is connected with Wordsworth, the Daffodil with Wordsworth or Herrick, the Sensitive Plant with Shelley.

Or take a somewhat larger canvas covering a wider field, and crowded with curious charm of truthful detail. No one has ever made poetry for us of so many things we may see and hear on a late winter day in England.

"Hark to the merry birds, hark how they sing!
Although 'tis not yet spring
And keen the air;
Hale Winter, half resigning ere he go,
Doth to his heiress shew
His kingdom fair.
In patient russet is his forest spread,
All bright with bramble red,
With beechen moss
And holly sheen: the oak silver and stark
Sunneth his aged bark
And wrinkled boss.

But 'neath the ruin of the withered brake
Primroses now awake
From nursing shades:
The crumpled carpet of the dry leaves brown
Avails not to keep down
The hyacinth blades.

The hazel hath put forth his tassels ruffed;
The willow's flossy tuft
Hath slipped him free:
The rose amid her ransacked orange hips
Braggeth the tender tips
Of bowers to be.

A black rook stirs the branches here and there,
Foraging to repair
His broken home:
And hark, on the ash boughs! Never thrush did sing
Louder in praise of spring,
When spring is come."

Here, no doubt, the wealth of observation somewhat overweights the impetus of the poetry and makes its flight a little slow and heavy. The poet has not completely transformed his abundant material. But no one who has the sense for poetic temperatures will fail to be conscious of the imaginative fire at work. The matter has not been brought to the red-hot heat in which it could be perfectly fused into the form which the poet designed for it. But the fire has been visibly at work; and if the result is not a finished creation, it is at least a most stimulating sketch, showing, as a sketch may, a master's firmness of line and a master's eye for the essential truth of his subject.

But more often he will let the imagination do its perfect work, as when, in the piece which begins,

"The storm is over, the land hushes to rest,"

after detailing a world of well-observed results of an autumnal storm, the poem comes back to the first note, as fine poems, like music, so often do; and the experience is made a vision by the last beautiful stanza:

"The day is done: the tired land looks for night:
She prays to the night to keep
In peace her nerves of delight:
While silver mist upstealeth silently,
And the broad cloud-driving moon in the clear sky
Lifts o'er the firs her shining shield,
And in her tranquil light
Sleep falls on forest and field.
See! sleep hath fallen: the trees are asleep:
The night is come. The land is wrapt in sleep."

This making of experiences into imaginative or spiritual visions, which is another way of trying to state the work of poetry, is done again and again

unforgettably by Mr. Bridges: visions of a winter sunrise:

"Like what the shepherd sees
On late mid-winter dawns,
When through the branchèd trees,
O'er the white-frosted lawns,

The huge unclouded sun,
Surprising the world whist,
Is all uprisen thereon,
Golden with melting mist":

visions of night and morning, and the birds of night and morning, in May, as in the last stanza of "Nightingales," which is perhaps the most beautiful of all his lyrics:

"Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn:"

visions of the windmill and the miller, of the larks, of the "flame-throated robin on the topmost bough of the leafless oak," of the village church with its brass of the warrior with the sword

"Wherewith he led his men
O'ersea, and smote to hell
The astonisht Saracen,
Nor doubted he did well:"

of "the bold majestic dawns smooth, fair and lovely," for whose laureate honors he challenges Swinburne and Mr. Kipling, of the pinks in his garden, sending the poet back to Herrick as he tells himself how

"Their dazzling snows forth bursting soon
Will lade the idle breath of June:
And waken thro' the fragrant night
To steal the pale moonlight":

of the winter evening, where the poet is entirely himself, at once a realist and a mystic, like so many imaginative men of to-day:

"The clouds have left the sky,
The wind hath left the sea,
The half-moon up on high
Shrinketh her face of dree.

She lightens on the comb
Of leaden waves, that roar
And thrust their hurried foam
Up on the dusky shore.

Behind the western bars
The shrouded day retreats
And unperceived the stars
Steal to their sovran seats.

And whiter grows the foam,
The small moon lightens more;
And as I turn me home,
My shadow walks before."

These, and a hundred more, must be at this moment the occasional companions of readers of poetry, who, as they walk about England, find their eyes and ears and imaginations confronted by the same birds and flowers, the same slow rivers, white shores and windy downs as have met Mr. Bridges, and find also that the inarticulate something, which vaguely stirs within them at these experiences, takes delight in discovering its formed expression in some poem of his. It is only occasionally that he travels quite outside our island; as in that fine voyage of imagination which he takes in pursuit of the ship he is watching from the English coast:

"Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding."

It has that note of a personal experience in a strange but intensely real and vividly seen country which recalls Whitman; but it has also a sense of form, a craftsmanship about it of which Whitman knew nothing, though he had now and then his supreme moments when he could get all its results with the divine unconsciousness of genius.

"I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air:

I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare:
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped, grandest
Peak, that is over the feathery palms more fair
Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou standest."

Mr. Bridges is as sincere, as observant, as interested as Whitman; he cannot be as "naive" as that child of nature. For he is himself a child of a great many other things beside nature—of art, science, learning, of the great tradition of two thousand years of literature; and he bears some features of all of them in his face. No poet except Tennyson can compare with him in knowledge of the scientific movement of his day. He is full of botanical, biological, and astronomical facts and allusions. He will write a poem of "Wintry Delights," and exhibit the joy of life as arising not only from art, nature, and the human affections, but from the sciences exploring all fields of knowledge; and will go through them, geology, astronomy, chemistry, anthropology, medicine, and say things worth hearing about them all. But above all, of course, he has loved and studied art, and especially the two that are so often estranged, the "sphere-born harmonious sisters, voice and verse"! Many poets, and not the least musical, Tennyson and Swinburne, for instance, have been totally ignorant of music; Mr. Bridges is a student of music as well as of metre. This is one of the many ways in which he looks back to Milton. Both are as sensitive to the beauty of the art of inarticulate sounds in which they are amateurs as to that of the art of words in which they are professionals. Both evidently feel a responsibility of artistic conscience for every verse they write, and for the place they have given to each word that is found in it. Both love to make their own art speak of the art which is not their own. "Comus," "Lycidas," "Allegro," "Penseroso," "Paradise Lost," all have their great passages about music. It seems as if for Milton, passion, holiness, imagination, ecstasy, Paradise, all found their perfect freedom in music. There seems to be something of the same feeling in Mr. Bridges, too, as when in his fine "Ode to Music" he calls upon her to draw near "in joyous ravishment of mystery,"

"With heavenly echo of thoughts, that dreaming lie
Chain'd in unborn oblivion drear."

But lover of music as he is, and evidently rejoicing to pay his tribute to such masters of the art as Mozart and Purcell and Joachim, yet it is much more often the music of nature than of art which comes into his poetry. Few poets have been more delicately sensitive to the pleasures of sound. In one of his poems he gives a curious list of sounds which his ear holds affectionately in its treasure-house of memory. Few or none of them are things rare or recondite; we can all have them if we will. Here as elsewhere the point in which the poet differs from the rest of us is that he hears with his ear and more than his ear, what we are hardly conscious of hearing at all; that he makes a joy that lives and lasts of what is for most men only an unnoticed experience that passes away; and that he can utter what we at best can only feel. He tells in this poem of a song that "was born" to him and chose for itself a melody "that arose of all fair sounds that I love":

"And I knew not whether
From waves of rustling wheat it was,
Recoveringly that pass:

Or a hum of bees in the queenly robes
of the lime:
Or a descant in pairing time
Of warbling birds: or watery bells
Of rivulets in the hills:

Or whether on blazing downs a high
lark's hymn
Alone in the azure dim:
Or a sough of pines, when the mid-
night wold
Is solitary and cold;

Or a lapping river-ripple all day chid-
ing
The bow of my wherry gliding
Down Thames, between his flowery
shores
Re-echoing to the oars:

Or anthem notes, wherever in arched
quires
The unheeded music twires,
And, centuries by, to the stony shade
Flies following and to fade:

Or a homely prattle of children's voices
gay
'Mong garden joys at play:
Or a sundown chaunting of solemn
rooks:
Or memory of my books,

Which hold the words that poets in
many a tongue
To the irksome world have sung:
Or the voice, my happy lover, of thee
Now separated from me."

Such verses as these are not Mr. Bridges' finest work, of course; but they help to illustrate his temperament, which is that of the scholar, the observer, the artist, the lover of all fine experiences of body, mind and soul. This enables him to unite many things seldom found together. He is at once very traditional and very modern: very Christian in tone and sympathy, and unflinchingly sincere in accepting the discovered truths of science and philosophy which have made "antediluvian idols" of the "tomes of Aquinas" and the "vain paradoxes of Austin": a man who likes at one moment to see things exactly as they are, and at another to see them as they come to us in the slowly built-up shape, in the slowly arranged harmony of colors, which is their inheritance at the hands of a hundred artists and poets. This was Milton's temperament too, enabling him to unite, as no one else ever did, all the Renaissance with all Puritanism; only, of course, he added to it supreme genius, which no one will claim for Mr. Bridges. Great as the scholar and artist were in Milton, they were altogether transcended by the overwhelming and all-pervading greatness of poetic genius. In Mr. Bridges the scholar, the artist, the thinker, contend on less unequal terms with the poet.

Yet the poet here, as always, where he really exists at all, is the dominant element, using the others, not used by them. And he shows himself in places where they scarcely come in at all. Wordsworth used to say that the business of poetry consisted not so much in stating new truths as in giving old truths a new value and a new life; and certainly a large part of his poetic greatness lies in the power with which he acted upon this doctrine in his own work. So with Mr. Bridges, in his different way. It is not the man of science, the artist, the master of metre, the thinker, the student of nature, who is the author of that class of his poems which is, perhaps, even finer than the lyrics inspired by English landscape. They belong to a more primitive order of things, before men were so greatly moved by trees and flowers, storms and sunsets, as to make them the primary subject of works of art; when the activity of the critical intellect had hardly begun; when love and religion, the most ancient and universal, were also the only interests that distinguish men from the brutes, and almost the only sub-

jects of his poetry and art. Of one primitive subject indeed, that of fighting, Mr. Bridges has little to say. His Achilles is a boy who has never seen a battle: and the Peace Ode, "Matres Dolorosae," and the Ode in memory of Old Etonians, which were his contribution to the poetry of the South African War, are certainly not among his happiest efforts. He tells no tales of heroes or warriors ancient or modern. Only once, perhaps, in the other and far greater Eton Ode, one of his noblest productions, does he strike the heroic note of soldiership, when he calls upon the boys to look forward to their future lives:

"Then to the world let shine your light,
Children in play be lions in fight,
And match with red immortal deeds
The victory that made ring the meads."

But to the other two most ancient of all poetic themes he returns again and again. In his own way, of course; in a mood and manner very far away from that of the primitive man; in the mood of a man who has thought as well as felt, who can no longer be the slave of mere passion or mere superstition and yet knows still that love and religion are the greatest things that have ever come into human life. Love is everywhere in his poetry. Sometimes, it is true, the love poems ("Dear lady, when thou frownest," "I will not let thee go") seem to be little more than literary exercises in an outworn poetic fashion. But these are early attempts. The latter books are full of things that ring with truth as well as beauty. It is indeed one special kind of love that inspires him. He has no Swinburnian or other affectations of reviving the worship of Aphrodite Pandemos. His love is one that unites souls as well as bodies. Only once, I think, in all his poems does he deal expressly with the old primitive Eros: and then it is to ask him,

"Why hast thou nothing in thy face?
. . . . . .
Surely thy body is thy mind,
For in thy face is nought to find,
Only thy soft unchristen'd smile,
That shadows neither love nor guile,
But shameless will and power immense,
In secret sensuous innocence."

For Mr. Bridges, a man of Northern race and Northern gravity of manners, with centuries of Teutonic blood and Christian morals in him, love has to be a great deal more than a naked instinct.

"Since we loved,—(the earth that shook
As we kissed, fresh beauty took)—
Love hath been as poets paint,
Life as heaven is to a saint;

All my joys my hope excel,
All my work hath prosper'd well,
All my songs have happy been,
O my love, my life, my queen."

Here is no lack of passion assuredly; but it is a passion that has filled with fire the whole of life and not the senses only. There is another thing too. The best love poems of Mr. Bridges are very modern; they give the impression of an actual experience which has been lived through: and it is a kind of experience which is far commoner in our own than in earlier generations, the experience of love as a source not only of rapture but also of a new wisdom and a new power of life which could not have been without it. Highly civilized ages tend to lose much of the spontaneity and universality of primitive love: and yet, like art or religion, or any other high human achievement, love welcomes and requires the highest attainable standard of life in those who exhibit its working. It may then have more obstacles to contend against, but when it gets its way perfectly with a man and woman whose civilization is a reality and a whole, the result is a greater thing than it could

be when it owed its origin only to accident and the senses, and ran its course without touching more than a fragment of the lives of the lovers. So Mr. Bridges is able to shake off all that traditional silliness and unreality which is an irritating presence in all but the very best of the Elizabethan and Jacobean love poetry, and makes much of it the most tedious reading in the world. When the mind and imagination are themselves playing a part in the business of love, they find their own natural utterance; and instead of forced extravagances of compliment and despair, which leave the reader weary and unconvinced, we get such stanzas as:

"So sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old;
Though day by day is nought to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drowned,
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet."

That is the love which occupies the whole of life and, when life draws to an end, can face the inevitable parting in words which recall the old age of Landor in everything except in the happiness to which they look back:

"When Death to either shall come,—
I pray it be first to me,—
Be happy as ever at home,
If so, as I wish, it be.
Possess thy heart, my own;
And sing to the child on thy knee,
Or read to thy self alone
The songs that I made for thee."

So with the manner in which Mr. Bridges handles religion, if we include in the meaning of that word all the aspirations and activities inspired in man by the faith that there is in the world something higher and greater than himself, that he is in touch with eternal forces and eternal possibilities, and that these are especially related to the moral and spiritual parts of his nature. In "Wintry Delights" his most philosophical, though not his most poetic treatment of these problems, he declares that a man is external nature's superior and judge:

"Turn our thought for a while to the symphonies of Beethoven,
Or the rever'd preludes of mighty Sebastian: Is there
One work of Nature's contrivance beautiful as these?"

Man "as an artist born" is "impell'd to devise a religion"; and by some cause which is "an unsolv'd mystery" to choose the most beautiful for his art, and the best that he can imagine for his faith and truth.

"Truth to the soul is merely the best that mind can imagine."

So "man is Nature's judge and tearful accuser"; though Nature still has the ready reply, "Fool, and who made thee?" a reply which seems to point back to the "unsolv'd mystery" or to some Power above both man and Nature who foresees and prepares the ultimate harmony between Nature's apparently indifferent force and man's artistic and moral conscience. But all this is matter which poetry can scarcely handle without an excessive infusion of philosophy or theology. Her happier business is with the primitive instinct of worship which no questionings will ever kill.

"O golden Sun, whose ray
My path illumineth:
Light of the circling day,
Whose night is birth and death:

That dost not stint the prime
Of wise and strong, nor stay
The changeful ordering time,
That brings their sure decay:

. . . . . .

Now with resplendent flood
Gladden my waking eyes,
And stir my slothful blood
To joyous enterprise.

Arise, arise, as when
At first God said *Light be!*
That He might make us men
With eyes His light to see.

Scatter the clouds that hide
The face of heaven, and show
Where sweet Peace doth abide,
Where Truth and Beauty grow.

Awaken, cheer, adorn,
Invite, aspire, assure
The joys that praise thy morn,
The toil thy noons mature:

And soothe the eve of day,
That darkens back to death;
O golden Sun, whose ray
Our path illumineth!"

Could there be a finer instance of the continuity of the human spirit? Here is a hymn to the Sun, which, in the unquoted even more than in the quoted verses, gives all the primitive man's joy in the great source of light and warmth; yet gives it transformed by all that so many centuries of Christianity have written indelibly on our minds: gives it in a language and in a verse which belong to to-day and yet have still about them more than a little flavor of an august tradition of thought and speech, to which the great Latin hymns and the noble English version of the Bible, and much else, have made their contributions. Part of the greatness of poetry lies in its power to hold together in one the fleeting and changing generations of men. The greatest lines of any great poet are found centuries after his death to have meanings of which he dreamt dimly, if at all; and the poem of to-day may awaken in us ancient memories that still sleep in our blood, seldom conscious of themselves, but yet not quite extinct, capable still, after so many generations, of coming once more to the surface of things and playing a brief part in a world strangely altered from that of their beginning. So in this little poem the discerning ear can hear, behind the voice of the man of our own day, those of the primitive man, the Roman, and finally the Christian of many ages and ways of thinking, Greek, Latin and Anglican.

Mr. Bridges has himself edited a book of hymns for a country parish church, and one or two of his own hymns have been inserted in the "English Hymnal," the most recent book of the kind and the best. But, of course, the best of his religious poems stand a little outside the limits imposed on hymn books used in churches. In nearly all cases these seem not only to include bad verse, bad theology and immoral religion, but to have a clear prejudice against poetry. Yet where can fitter words be found to put into the mouths of young men at a University church, or indeed anywhere else, than these four verses of Mr. Bridges?

"O youth whose hope is high,
Who dost to Truth aspire,
Whether thou live or die,
O look not back nor tire.

Thou that art bold to fly
Through tempest, flood and fire,
Nor dost not shrink to try
Thy heart in torments dire:

If thou canst Death defy,
If thy Faith is entire,
Press onward, for thine eye
Shall see thy heart's desire.

Beauty and love are nigh,
And with their deathless quire
Soon shall thine eager cry
Be numbered and expire."

Mr. Bridges can make no claim to a place among the greatest religious poets. People to whom the peculiar ecstasy of religion is a real experience, who have known it as a thing going quite beyond the almost universal instincts of duty, worship and love, will ask for something that he cannot give. They will find what they want in Coventry Patmore or Francis Thompson, both of whom united religious with poetic genius. But most men know nothing of that amazing experience which for those who know it seems to make all else seem insignificant. For the majority a less ecstatic note awakens a quicker and truer echo. Their faith, such as it is, must be made out of their experiences, out of what they have accomplished and received in life as they have lived it. They need not deny that a life of ecstasy may be an actual experience too; but it is not theirs. They have to treasure their rare moments of vision. Ordinarily, perhaps, as Mr. Bridges puts it in his fine poem on Joy, they find life dark, its problems difficult, its issues doubtful.

"And heaven and all the stable elements
That guard God's purpose mock us, though the mind
Be spent in searching: for his old intents
We see were never for our joy designed:
They shine as doth the bright sun on the blind,
Or like his pension'd stars, that hymn above
His praise, but not toward us, that God is love.

Then comes the happy moment: not a stir
In any tree, no portent in the sky:
The morn doth neither hasten nor defer,
The morrow hath no name to call it by,
But life and joy are one,—we know not why,—
As though our very blood long breathless lain
Had tasted of the breath of God again."

And once experienced, it must be firmly grasped, retained, made a fortress of faith, a fountain of life.

"But, O most blessèd truth, for truth thou art,
Abide thou with me till my life shall end.
Divinity hath surely touched my heart,
I have possessed more joy than earth can lend:
I may attain what time shall never spend.
Only let not my duller days destroy
The memory of thy witness and my joy."

One of the greatest living religious thinkers has laid stress on the three independent schemes of value, those of truth, beauty, and goodness, as constituting the great source of natural revelation, and suggesting the faith that, as each is absolute, all are ultimately one. This is, of course, in substance the ancient Platonic doctrine; and it is curious to see how living Plato remains even to-day; and to observe Mr. Bridges recalling in noble verse the same great argument which the Dean of St. Paul's has restated in his lectures.

"Gird on thy sword, O man, thy strength endue,
In fair desire thine earth-born joy renew.
Live thou thy life beneath the making sun
Till Beauty, Truth, and Love in thee are one.

Thro' thousand ages hath thy childhood run:
On timeless ruin hath thy glory been:
From the forgotten night of love's fordone
Thou riseth in the dawn of hopes unseen.
Higher and higher shall thy thoughts aspire,

Unto the stars of heaven, and pass away,
And earth renew the buds of thy desire
In fleeting blooms of everlasting day.

Thy work with beauty crown, thy life with love:
Thy mind with truth uplift to God above:
For whom all is, from whom was all begun,
In whom all Beauty, Truth, and Love are one."

What a virility of soul there is in it, what a Roman manliness, simplicity and strength! It has not, of course, the imaginative power of Crashaw's "Saint Theresa" or Thompson's "Dead Cardinal"; but genius at its highest has always been a strange mixture of sanity and ecstasy, and some of those who have had most of it would feel more kinship with the noble sanity of Bridges than with the ecstatic fires of Thompson or Crashaw. The distinction is the old one; the gift of Crashaw and Thompson is the rarer gift: they add to life's possibilities a new and strange element into which few will enter. Mr. Bridges, on the other hand, does a wider work with a plainer endowment, touching to new life and higher energy the most ancient and universal of the hopes and loves of man.

There lies his special strength. Only those who have an actual or imaginative understanding of Christianity will ever appreciate such a poet as Francis Thompson. But there is no one who has not himself gone through some of the experiences which lie at the root of Mr. Bridges' poems of Nature, Love and Religion. He brings to each the questioning insight, the fearless sincerity, and untiring observation of our own day; but to each he also brings the sense of a great tradition of human thought and feeling, and of himself as only one of a great company drawn from all ages and all peoples. So there are two sides to the impression he makes on his readers. On the one hand, every new reading of his poetry strengthens the impression of the poet as a strongly marked individuality, as a man who is definitely and all through his life increasingly himself and no one else. On the other, he reminds his readers of many of his predecessors, men, some of them, so unlike himself; of Herrick sometimes, of Shelley now and then, of Tennyson occasionally, oftener of Wordsworth, oftener still perhaps of Milton, and again of Keats. He often, too, recalls the Latin poets, especially Catullus, and the Greeks, especially the choruses of the tragedians. Yet the dominant note is a modern one, and it is a modern poet more than anyone else who is recalled by the last word of his shorter poems. It is with a brave stoicism, one of action and not merely of endurance, like that of Carducci's last poems, that he gathers his heart together to face the inevitable end.

"Weep not to-day: why should this sadness be?
Learn in present fears
To o'ermaster those tears
That unhindered conquered thee.

Think on thy past valour, thy future praise:
Up, sad heart, nor faint
In ungracious complaint,
Or a prayer for better days.

Daily thy life shortens, the grave's dark peace
Draweth surely nigh,
When good-night is good-bye;
For the sleeping shall not cease.

Fight, to be found fighting: nor far away
Deem, nor strange thy doom.
Like this sorrow 'twill come,
And the day will be to-day."

John Bailey.

"THE AVERAGE AMERICAN."

To speak of "the average American" is to speak of something that there is not. Uncle Sam's family to-day, with its ninety odd million members, is too big and too heterogeneous in its composition to permit of striking an average, or showing up a national type. Any attempt to draw that picture in a few words, as an ambassador recently presumed to do in Paris, may at once be set down as something akin to squaring the circle, or following the asymptote to its point of junction. The varieties of people are so many, and their occupations and modes of life are so utterly diverse, that one might as easily blend, say, the Slavonic of Northern Europe and the Latin of the South.

In the first place, America lacks the homogeneity of older lands. Espoused by birth to the principles of freedom and the policy of the wide-open door, and with her vacant wilderness and infinite resources crying for and luring the eager, the enterprising, the overcrowded, and the downtrodden of other nationalities, she has been drawing life-blood from the world at large. Socrates was wont to assert that he was a representative and citizen, neither of Athens nor of Corinth, but of the Universe. The inhabitant of the United States cannot quite come up to the wide-minded old Grecian's claim, but he can at least say that he fairly represents the globe. Throughout the States there is one prevailing tongue, and also, to a large extent, there are common institutions; but there the uniformity ends. Between New England and the Rio Grande frontier, as between Alaska and the Florida Keys, there are dissimilars that cannot be embraced in one abstract generalization. Even in the city types there are the widest variations. In how far could the dweller in the cultured city of Boston, which, by the way, is thought by some to resemble more a city of our own land than any other in the States, be classed with the hustling cosmopolitan of San Francisco? Or could one begin at all to depict what could be recognized as a type of New York, with its human ant-heap of five millions of restless, striving, struggling beings collected from every corner of the civilized and semi-civilized world. An up-to-date scientist might, with a full equipment of mind-reading, nerve-force estimating, pulse-counting, brain-weighing instruments, and a pencil and sufficient foolscap, get at the virtuous and vicious propensities and possibilities of the people, but it would be only a matter of columned figures after all.

It is said that in facial appearance, in shape of skull, and in the nature of his hair, the American is gradually tending towards the type of the original Indian of his continent. If this be actually the case,—and a close observer can sometimes see instances of families where he could unhesitatingly say that it was,—it can arise only from the effect of the physical and geographical conditions that evolved the original red man. Intermixing of the races can have little or nothing to do with it. Such mingling of the bloods as has taken place must be quite inappreciable, having been confined to the frontier localities, and there only to any degree during the time when certain land grants were being allotted by the Goverment to those who could show Indian strain. Considerable intermarrying took place then, but that "squaw-man" period was of short duration. In their zeal to furnish credentials of the required percentage of red

man blood, of which fluid nobody was ashamed to show a blend, many, it is alleged, merely succeeded in proving a strain of nigger, which, besides debarring them from participation in the land divide, was always esteemed highly disappointing.

Of course the negro half-breed, the quadroon, and the octoroon are common enough in many Southern States, while the dusky cuticle, kinky hair, and the tell-tale darky finger-nail, manifest and proclaim themselves to some extent throughout the States, despite the most stringent laws prohibiting inter-marriage of white and black. These African evidences, however, are mainly to be seen among the lower classes,—for there *are* lower classes in the United States, hard as it is for these said classes to admit it. When any such evidences are detected, they place the individual on a par with the blackest, and that, in the eyes of most Americans, is pretty low. A thin black thread in the composition of a man is enough to preclude him from ever being acknowledged as a brother coutryman by the white man of either North or South. Indeed there are some Americans who would resent, to the point of blood effusion, a stranger daring to discuss with them the negro, in the light of such relationship. As illustrating this low status of the negro, it may be mentioned that in many States he is not allowed a vote, no matter of what tax-paying substance he may be, or of what education. In view of the fact that he was, in his past fettered days, and still is, of great use in upbuilding the country, the discrimination between him and the erstwhile tomahawky-troublesome and now loafing and only partially self-supporting Indian seems inconsistent. Still, it is the "color-line," and toed it is most rigidly. Brother Jonathan owned his black brother once, but he does not do so now, in any sense of the word. Both these races are increasing in numbers, the Indian slowly, and the negro with the cumulative speed of a geometrical ratio. Some day the *Rouge et Noir* problem is going to be bigger and tougher to solve than it is at present.

Everybody knows that the genial "Amurrican" tourists who are to be seen, throughout the summer season, male and female after their kind, scattered over the face of the earth, and on the waters of the deep, bulging pocket-book and bulging guide-book in hand, devouring all things with hawk-keen eye, and criticising all things in strident slang-adorned treble, do not represent the average American. Everybody knows that the ordinary millionaire, familiar as he has come to be, is not the average. Everybody knows that the far-famed Four Hundred of New York, or the other mighty ones of the States who indulge in "freak" entertainments with wellnigh Babylonish adjuncts, are not the average. Indeed, as to these last-mentioned classes, the ordinary everyday better-class American is often particularly anxious to impress on you that, in estimating his nation, you must not take them as types.

Taking him in the abstract, the American of most sterling quality is the one who rather hides his light under a bushel, and shuns notoriety. The great bulk of the American people, even those who might be called well-to-do, do not go abroad at all. They all, with hardly an exception, cherish the idea that they will some day travel the earth, or at least visit Great Britain; but, in nine cases out of ten, they never put the idea into practice. One has to live among them to know them properly.

The many differences in natural environment, and the immense variety of the resources of the country, tend to produce separate characteristics in

the people. The rural portions of the United States are the backbone, and represent a large part of the population. Therefore, in pointing out the difficulty of trying to get at the average American, we will leave on one side the professional man, the big employer of-labor, and the white-collared, hard-hatted business man of the town and city, and also the shirt-sleeved day-laborer there, numerous as these classes are, and presenting such wide variations as they do. They are better known, and do not offer quite such striking contrasts as do the brigades of Brother Jonathan's enormous rural army. In the States, as elsewhere, the influence of the extra friction of the city, and of the massing together of human beings, smooths down to a greater extent than does the country the outstanding character points of the individual. Uniformity is more typical of the factory than of the farm.

Even among those engaged in the selfsame occupation, where it might be expected that the nature of that pursuit would "tar them wi' the ae stick," they may be as unlike and as far apart as antipodeans. Take, for example, the important, and perhaps the most numerous class of all,—the farmer. The man who is clothing with crops the wide wildernesses, and turning to account their flat levels by the introduction of water-ditches, motor gang-ploughs, and up-to-date methods generally, has nothing whatever in common with his brother farmer in the upper regions of the Cumberland, the Ozark, the Allegheny or other mountain ranges, whose grandchildren perhaps may arrive at the idea that science can be introduced into farming, and that a practical knowledge of the chemistry of agriculture spells dollars and cents, even in the rough places of the earth. In fact, the occupations and lives of these men are so different throughout, that the first-mentioned fellow would be as much out of his element in the mountains as would the prairie-dog of his plains, whose habitat has precluded him from any sense or instinct of up or down, and whose rudimentary reasoning powers have taught him no better than ingenuously to walk off a house-top or a cliff edge. Neither mentally nor physically are these two men of a kind, and to class them together would be impossible. While the western man is alive, enterprising and alert to take hold of the new, the mountaineer is, by heredity and tradition, a "mossback," looking at the world through the horn-rimmed spectacles of his forebears, and counting novelty in anything as almost akin to evil. To give him his mildest name, he is the most stuck-in-the-mud conservative in the land. Still, though he is not much in evidence in the world at large, he is far more numerous than is generally known, and he could not be left out as a constituent of the true American average.

To draw another instance from the people of the soil, where can we find coinciding traits in the new settler in the farther west, lately from an eastern portion of the Union, or from Europe, and his neighbor on an adjoining homestead of the professional squatter class which, as a rule, is composed of unadulterated Americans. The first-named sturdy homesteader has settled down to stay, to build up, to toil, save, accumulate, and to better himself and his surroundings. He is a reliable man of character, taking an interest in local and State politics, and supporting the institutions of the country with a view to filling the position of a good citizen. Our chronic squatter is of the genus invertebrate, with little idea of *self*-advancement, and none at all of *State* interests. He drifts and shuffles through life, always in the path of least resistance, which in his case

means constant shifting from one piece of raw territory to another, holding each of these temporarily by vegetating on its surface for as brief a spell as possible, and turning it loose to some one else who will do the collar-work of converting it into a habitable home. He is an easy-going time-waster, wholly unreliable, of feather-weight principle, and often has about as much use for his country's institutions as he has for the ten commandments. A day of work on his part involves the devotion of several subsequent rounds of the clock to contemplative repose. To bracket him with his neighbor type would be absurd. In other walks of life, especially where different climatic influences are brought to bear on them, it is he same tale—the sundry individuals do not amalgamate.

The life of the lumberman of the cypress swamps of Louisiana or Florida, with their humid semi-tropical temperature and flat geographical conditions, does not produce the rugged axe-and-saw men of the North-west, where the ice and snow and the mountain environment necessitate precipitous "skidways," flumes, and "ball-hooting" methods of getting out the logs from their primeval fastnesses. The storm-inured sailor of the Great Lakes is as unlike the amphibious raftman of the snaggy, shoally Mississippi as is our own fisherman of the Hebrides to the canal barge-man of the Lowlands. Under no circumstances could a Canadian Border State ever turn out a specimen of the attenuated, drawling, cocktail-absorbing "Colonel" of Virginia.

In the experience of the writer the only people of the American continent who could easily be single-classed would be the inhabitants of the small towns which stand in their thousands on the railroads of the central and some of the Western prairie States. Here climate and other things are much alike. Each dead-level checkerboard "city" is the exact pattern of the last one along the line. The people are similarly engaged, the main business being the storekeeping necessary to keep up with the supply and demand of the surrounding agricultural district. As the train stops for a few minutes at each depot you will see, right in the same setting, a facsimile of the crowd at the last depot,—face, dress, speech, intonation, and even remarks, all to scale. Mix with these people, and you will find them intelligent to the highest degree, but as monotonously alike in their mental departments as in their material. Outside of their town interests and some politics, their psychological slate is on the average a dreary blank.

These people, however, are the exception to the general rule. The *unum et idem* ceases with them. And the women of the U. S. A. are as varied as the men, and would need a thesis on themselves. If it were possible to get an all-round composite photograph of the American of today, it would in all likelihood show up as undefined and blurred as a "Whistler," or the oldest kind of "Old Master."

Blackwood's Magazine.

COLOR-BLIND.

By Alice Perrin.

CHAPTER XIX.

The relief of escaping from the Rani's presence was definite, albeit Fay had only obtained her release in return for a solemn undertaking that she would at once approach the Rajah and lay the Rani's petition before him, employing every persuasion she could

devise that might induce him to agree to his wife's desire.

Fay felt in no great hurry to fulfil her promise, and she lingered in the corridor for a few moments in order to compose her thoughts and consider how best she might attack the Rajah. The morning had been far more of a strain than she realized at the time, and she felt the necessity for a pause. A window stood open at one end of the long passage, and she went to it, breathing the purer atmosphere with appreciation, though the outlook was not exhilarating—walls and chimneys and mysterious back premises, at present wet and slimy as well as uninteresting, for a drizzle of rain had just begun to fall. Disreputable-looking sparrows cheeped and wrangled on the surrounding window-sills—there was nothing bright or beautiful to be seen. And as Fay observed the damp piles of brick and mortar, the glimpse of sullen sky, and the vulgar little birds that knew nothing of green fields and fragrant woods, she sympathized with the Rani's acute longing to get away from it all, back to her own land and her old familiar surroundings.

Yet she felt that her mission to the Rajah was unsound. It was not as if she were in a position to approach him with a serious request, one with excellent and reasonable purpose behind it. The Rani was not dangerously ill, she certainly would not die if she remained another three months in England, it was only a matter for a little patience and good-humor on the part of the Rani as against the upheaval of all Rotah's plans. She could do no more than tell him that she had consented to act as the Rani's mouthpiece, not, as the Rani had expressed the hope she would do, beg for his acquiescence as a personal favor to herself!

Fay wished she could consult Captain Somerton; but at this time of day he was seldom in the hotel. At thought of Clive Somerton her heart gave a curious little quiver. If the Rajah granted his wife's request and returned to India at once, Captain Somerton would probably have to go too! Surprised at her own sensations, she loitered by the window, remembering the look on his face that had set her nerves and pulses aflutter yesterday afternoon, when he drove away from Combe Down in the motor-car. She knew she wanted to see that look again. If he went away now, perhaps she would never see it again. . . .

She stood by the window as though in a dream. How long she stood there she did not know. The rain grew heavier, the sky darker, and the harsh sound of the abrupt shutting of windows echoed against the dingy walls outside. She heard it vaguely; the sound of footsteps coming along the passage behind her she did not hear at all, but the subtle consciousness of a near presence penetrated her dreamy mood and caused her to turn involuntarily. The Rajah of Rotah stood before her, and she realized in hasty confusion that now was the time to keep her promise to the Rani—that it would no longer be necessary for her to seek out Rotah since here he was, conveniently at hand. Yet she wished he had not appeared just at that moment, a merciless interruption to a reverie that was sweet as it was vague.

Then the appearance of the youth claimed her quick attention. He looked excited, over-wrought, with movements of his thin nostrils reminding her of a young, nervous horse; his sensitive mouth trembled and his eyes were restless. What was the matter? Could it be anxiety concerning the Rani? Fay feared not! Nevertheless, prompted by a curious, and, to her, an unaccountable instinct that was of the nature of self-protection, she assumed outwardly that this was the case.

"Oh! Rajah-Sahib," she said without

hesitation, "I was just going to try and find you to tell you what the lady doctor thinks about the Rani. You need not be troubled or alarmed about her, I assure you. She is in no danger. Only she is fretting dreadfully, and she is very anxious I should ask you to do her a great favor——"

She waited, her gaze on his agitated face, but he made no answer. In truth the boy could not trust himself to speak for the fear that he might lose his hold upon himself and burst into tears. He bit his underlip to stop its trembling, and his eyes grew bloodshot with the effort at repression.

Fay turned back to the window and opened it a little wider. She looked out again at the wet walls and roofs, so that she might not embarrass him by her scrutiny, if what she had to say should cause him annoyance. She understood so well the dislike of Orientals to any observation of their emotions.

"What the Rani wants," she said airily, more to the sparrows than to the Rajah, "is to go back to India at once. And I believe she really may make herself seriously ill if she stays much longer in England."

She heard him breathe quickly.

"As you know, the lady doctor came again this morning and saw her," Fay went on in a matter-of-fact tone. "I was just going to find you to tell you what she said and give you the Rani's message, when you appeared. The doctor thinks her very delicate."

She paused. But there was still no answer, and suddenly Fay, standing in front of the window with her back turned discreetly to her companion, was assailed with a feeling that something was about to happen that would affect her whole existence. She heard Rotah's quick breathing, then again came silence, as though he were no longer behind her, and when, perforce, she looked round, he was still there, but his face had become mask-like, expressionless. On it was no hint of concern or trouble; all agitation had been blotted out, removed completely.

Now Fay felt incensed with him, the kind of anger aroused by a sense of championship for her own sex. It stirs in most women at a display of indifference on the part of a man towards his wife's wishes and well-being. She decided that Rotah was a selfish brute to care not one jot how his wife was, or what she wanted, however uncongenial she might be to him.

"The Rani has very little stamina or strength," she continued, rather aggressively, "and very little upsets her. She may be better when she is taking the tonic, but I'm convinced she won't be well till she gets back to India. She is fretting her heart out for India."

"She will soon be back there in any case," he said monotonously.

"But she wants to go now, at once. And she wants you to go with her." Fay said it boldly. "She asked me to tell you so, to beg you to consider if it would not be possible for you all to go back earlier than was at first intended."

She looked at him urgently. He was gazing out of the window in cold reflection, as though his thoughts had flown far away beyond the roofs and the chimney-tops, to be lost in the mirky mist of the sky.

"Well?" said Fay sharply.

Without moving his body or turning his eyes, he said in Hindustani, "It is as your Highness pleases."

Fay laughed in spite of herself. The phrase was conventional, truly Oriental, one that issues from the lips of native servants a hundred times a day. She thought he was joking—or was he evading a direct refusal with Eastern aversion to appearing ungracious?—with, at the same time, every intention of pleasing himself only. But there

came no responsive word or smile to her amusement, and the feeling of resentment towards him again possessed her.

"It is certainly not as I please," she said, with a touch of asperity, "except that I should be pleased if you considered the Rani. I am merely asking you to do something for her. She is out of sorts and miserable. It is in your power to make her feel well and happy. I hope you are going to do it."

This time he turned his head towards her. His eyes were mournful, pathetic. He looked tired, as though exhausted with some mental struggle.

"Yes," he said wearily, "I will do it. I, too, shall be glad to go back to India."

Now Fay regretted her annoyance with him. He was only a boy, so young, so anxious to do right, so alone amid a multitude of difficulties and burdens. She was about to applaud his good-nature, to express her own approval of his accedence to the Rani's desire, when he said something that had the moral effect of a bomb explosion at her very feet.

"If we all go at once, will Captain Somerton agree? You would not wish him to go so soon? Perhaps it can be arranged by the Government that he stays in England for the present."

Fay stared in mute amazement at the dark, weary face, at the liquid, beseeching eyes that seemed to hold back tears. What could Rotah mean? For a moment the wild suggestion occurred to her that perhaps he possessed thought-reading powers—some occult Eastern sense that laid bare to him the minds of others, enabled him to perceive ideas that were yet hardly formed. How else could he possibly tell that she would regret Clive Somerton's absence, that she would not wish him to go back to India so soon? She felt bewildered, alarmed, indignant, uncertain what she ought to say. And all the while the sparrows chattered exasperatingly on the window-sill, and the rain trickled and tapped and hissed as though finding a fiendish satisfaction in her discomfiture.

"What do you mean?" she faltered, painfully conscious that the blood had rushed to her face; and directly she had spoken she regretted she had not left the question unanswered, wished that she had simply ignored Rotah's incomprehensible speech, or at least passed it by with evasive words. But now it was too late. She must hear the explanation.

"But, of course," returned Rotah in languid surprise, "you would wish him to stay, since you are to be his wife."

Fay clutched the window-sill in desperate endeavor to conceal her amazed excitement. She felt the rain spattering her hand and arm, but it would have made little difference had she found herself drenched through and through from head to foot. Then common sense restored her mental balance. Of course Rotah had "jumped to conclusions," had imagined that a secret understanding existed between herself and Captain Somerton. She must hasten to undeceive him. But before she could speak he went on in the same listless voice.

"Captain Somerton told me himself," he informed her simply. "He told me yesterday afternoon after we came back from Norbledon. I asked him, 'Are you going to marry her—Miss Fleetwood?' and he said, 'That is my great hope.'" He paused, and his head drooped. Then he raised it with a proud little tilt that reminded Fay of the afternoon on the fort walls; now he looked strong, determined, almost radiant, with eyes that shone beneath the fine black brows, lips that were firm, shoulders thrown back, with masterful grace in the poise of his slim figure.

When he spoke again it was in high-flown, polished Hindustani: "It gives me happiness to know that the two people I most esteem in all the world should mate together." He salaamed with profound courtesy, then held up one long, slender brown hand. "And it shall be my proud endeavor to be worthy of them both. Do you remember on the fort walls at Rotah the vow I made to you that I would strive to be true and just in all my dealings with my people? I have kept it so far —I hope to keep it till the end."

Fay, in the first warm rush of ecstatic wonder and emotion, scarcely heard him, scarcely saw him. She was deaf to all words but these: "That is my great hope." She was blind to all but the vision of Clive Somerton's face as she had seen it last, had seen it but yesterday—the rapt, lingering glance that haunted her memory. Now she yearned yet feared to meet it once more, and all at once she felt as one suddenly awakened from a trance to the realities of life, definite and determined. She knew that the old enchantment of the East would hold her in its grip no longer to the same absorbing, over-mastering extent,—that the craving for India and the sun, the spell of the wonderful country, had yielded to a recognition of human possibilities, of eager adventure, of a happiness salient in the future instead of a dreamy nostalgia for the past. Pure joy flooded her tender heart, enveloped her senses, and with reluctance she turned from the window, smiling, blushing, radiant, to find herself alone. Rotah had gone —quietly, silently—and Fay Fleetwood knew nothing at all of the darkness and despair and the blind resignation he had taken with him.

Her intoxication of happiness received a check. The rain still spattered her hand that lay on the window-sill. She drew it in and looked at it vaguely. The sparrows made more noise than ever, but there was less complaining in their cheeps and twitterings—a note of hopeful anticipation. And presently a gleam of sunshine struck the wet wall and roofs and chimney pots, suffusing the murky atmosphere with a yellow radiance, beautifying the hideous outlook. To Fay it seemed a miraculous reflection of the golden glow in her own heart. . . .

Yet she felt mystified, wondering. Could it be true? Had Captain Somerton really told Rotah he wished to marry her?—and if so, why had he told Rotah first—not herself? Oh! if she only had some one to confide in, to talk to, who would understand and give her good counsel—would tell her what it all meant, what she ought to do. She took a few steps along the passage, along the thick carpet enclosed with richly papered walls and rows of numbered doors. Then she paused, realizing that she was in a very curious position. Surely it was most extraordinary that Captain Somerton should have spoken to the Rajah as apparently he had done! She began to suspect some plot, some scheme or intrigue on the part of the Rotah people. Yet what possible advantage could any of them gain by telling her that Captain Somerton wished to marry her if it were untrue?

A chambermaid hurried past her in stiff print gown, with keys on a chain, and flying cap strings. The little incident recalled to her the fact that the routine of existence was continuing just the same, whatever her own mental predicament—that the luncheon hour was long past, and she had had nothing to eat. Not that she was hungry, but the fact of her having completely forgotten that such a meal was usual, brought home to her how vital had been her preoccupation in her own affairs. . . .

She struggled with herself, half angry that she should have so suc-

cumbed to this new and strange emotion that had so violently assailed her, here, at the end of the passage, by the window!—and again she felt angry with Rotah. What business had he to come and say such things to her? In all probability the whole thing had arisen solely in his imagination. Native-wise, he had assumed that what would afford him gratification must be the case. Of course it would suit Rotah excellently if she and Captain Somerton were to marry each other, so that they could continue indefinitely their attendance on himself and the Rani! Was that the simple explanation of the situation?

Poor Fay hurried, agitated and uneasy, to her own room and put on her hat mechanically. Also mechanically she looked into the mirror to see if she had placed the hat upon her head at the correct angle. She saw a drawn little face, white with conflicting emotions, eyes unnaturally large, their blue-grey color deepened almost to black. Impatiently she turned away from the looking-glass and left her room, went down the broad staircase with its handsome banisters and thick carpet, into the marble-paved hall, only to find that the rain was streaming down in more vigorous torrents, that the effort of sunshine had been vanquished, and to venture out of doors, unless in a closed vehicle, could only mean a soaking. With a sense of injury, as though every one, even including Nature, were against her, Fay went back to the foot of the staircase. The hall seemed full of people, and they all stared at her—or was it her fancy? Of course they were all wishing, like herself, to go out, and had been disappointed.

She took the lift and returned to her room, discarded her hat and gloves, and remembered that the Rani must be waiting to hear the result of her interview with the Rajah. At any rate it was satisfactory to feel that she could give the unhappy little woman good tidings. The Rajah had definitely agreed to return to India now. He should not be allowed to go back upon his word. Again she looked at herself in the mirror, and her spirits rose a little. Her cheeks were flushed pink, her eyes were bright, she was not such a scarecrow as before she went downstairs. The little journey had aroused her, done her good. She would get those photographs of London that the Rani wanted, which had come this morning. They were on the sofa in her sitting room.

She passed from her bed room into her sitting room, intent on the photographs, and saw Clive Somerton standing by the round table.

The vision of him as she saw him then was stamped for ever on her mind. He stood with bare head, sleek and close-cropped and tipped with grey, dressed in well-fitting London clothes, his attitude having the reposeful ease of an excellently-proportioned frame, his face holding the calm strength of expression gained by a life of wise self-ordering, his whole air that of a man of sense and good breeding.

The muffled roar of traffic came in at an open window, the rumble of wheels, the clatter of hoofs, the rush of motor-driven vehicles and the sharp warning of their horns. Fay stood in the doorway, and all her romantic, sensitive soul went out to this man in a glow of worship which she would never grudge even if it were not to be given back to her. . . . What if he were nearly twenty years older than herself, with a lifetime of experience behind him in which she could have no share? What if, after all, the Rajah had misled her—if Clive had no thought of her in any way save as a friend? Whatever might happen, to her he was a hero, almost a god, the

most perfect, the dearest of men, and if he bade her, she would follow him anywhere, anywhere.

He looked up and saw her standing in the doorway. She did not realize, girl that she was, how her eyes and face revealed her secret, even though her parted lips made no sound; how tenderness radiated from her dainty presence, betraying that in heart and spirit she had come to meet him, ready for his avowal, glad to be his, overwhelmed with the first wonder of young and innocent love. . . . . Somerton, waiting there, had tortured himself as to how best he might commence his wooing—he had intended to be prudent, cautious, perhaps to take a week or more feeling his way, ascertaining whether he had the smallest chance of winning her. And then, if the outlook seemed favorable, he would press his suit ardently, with fervor, to carry her off her little feet, allowing her no loophole of doubt or indecision.

Instead, when he looked up and saw her face, he threw his gloves into his hat that he had placed on the table, and came towards her. "Fay!" he cried involuntarily, passion in his eyes and voice, "Darling—how did you know?"

Later on, as they sat side by side on the stiff hotel sofa, rendered indifferent to the discomfort of its angles by Love the great magician, who disregards all physical annoyances, Somerton repeated the words with which he had greeted Fay's entry into the room.

"How did you know? Fay—tell me how you knew I was going to ask you to marry me?" He bent down and kissed her neck.

With her clear, pale face and tender eyes, and the soft, fluffy cloud of dark hair, she reminded him again of a pastel sketch, so delicate, exquisite, almost impermanent. He caught her to him as though in very fear that she might fade before his gaze. She looked up, smiling, at the firm, keen face of her lover.

"It was Rotah who told me!" she said, and as she said it her heart warmed to the young Indian prince who, all unwittingly, had hastened her hour of bliss. She thought of his sad dark eyes with pitying sympathy, and wished he could feel even one quarter as happy as she felt happy now. She was sorry she had let him leave her without a word, had ignored his touching outburst of devotion towards Clive and herself—though she had done so unintentionally.

"Rotah!" exclaimed Somerton, interrupting her reflections. "Good Heavens—the young rascal!"

He recalled his interview with Rotah the previous afternoon, and perceived that the boy had misunderstood his admission that he hoped to marry Miss Fleetwood—had taken his words as an announcement of their engagement. And at the same time he realized that it was through Rotah that his own decision had come so swiftly and surely. It was Rotah who had released him from all self-argument and doubt, and possibly spared him long days and nights of mental disturbance and unrest, had shown him his own heart beyond all question or uncertainty. Yes, he owed a lot to Rotah, and Rotah's secret should be kept religiously. Fay must never know it.

"He said you had told him," Fay went on. "He repeated his own words: 'Are you going to marry her—Miss Fleetwood?' And then yours: 'That is my great hope.'" She leaned her pretty head against his shoulder, and sighed in vast contentment.

"Are you glad he told you?" demanded Clive, with the fatuous tendency of a man in love to ask superfluous questions of his beloved, that her superfluous answers may thrill him again and yet again.

"You know I am glad!" she said softly.

Then presently she thought of the Rani with a little shock of remembrance, and explained in haste to Somerton what had happened that morning, told him of the lady doctor's visit and of her own promise to the patient that she would interview the Rajah and try to obtain his consent to the immediate return of the whole party to India.

"I met him in the passage," she added, "and asked him to do what the Rani wished. That was how it all came about, you know."

"Surely he didn't consent?" was Somerton's anxious query.

"He did. He gave his word, and he must keep it now, whatever it means to us. Will you be *obliged* to go, too, Clive?"

"I suppose I ought," he said with reluctance. "I don't see how I can very well desert him till he's safely installed. The time isn't far off now."

Fay rose from the sofa. She stood before him, both her hands held in his.

"I shouldn't be much good to you as a wife if I tried to keep you back from duty, should I?" she said with cheerful courage. "Of course you must go. And—and—when you can leave Rotah, shall I come out to you?"

He stood up, seizing her in his arms. "Oh! no!" he said in laughing, happy irony. "Heaven forbid that such an awful catastrophe should befall me!"

The Times. (*To be concluded.*)

THE DECREASING VALUE OF MONEY.

From the termination of the Franco-German War to the commencement of the war in South Africa there had been in this country a fairly steady decrease in the cost of living: the purchasing power of the sovereign had become gradually but surely greater. Nor was this state of affairs peculiar to Great Britain: it existed in varying degrees in all countries, irrespective of their fiscal policies. During the 'nineties prices of commodities were low throughout the world's markets. For the simple reason that their monetary gains had a large purchasing power, merchants were able to work on a small margin of profit. In proportion as general prices fell the money profit which traders expected to earn decreased; in other words, the rate of interest fell. The effect of this steady reduction of interest was nowhere more marked than in the value of securities on which a fixed rate of interest was payable. Such securities responded immediately, as they always have responded, to changing monetary conditions. As the expectation of profit on money embarked in trade fell, so the price of Consols and other British and Foreign Government Securities, Debenture, and Preference Stock in all sound undertakings which offered a fixed rate of interest rose, and continued to rise, in fairly accurate proportion to the decline in the rate of interest obtainable on money invested in commercial undertakings. The cost of living was lower during the period of 1895-98 than it ever has been in modern times; and, during that period, Consols and other first class securities were quoted higher on the Stock Exchange than ever before or since.

When, in 1899, war broke out in South Africa, the cost of living in the United Kingdom immediately rose; and the ramifications of commerce caused the increase of prices to ex-

tend to other countries, just as, to a greater extent, the Crimean and the Franco-German Wars had each temporarily inflated the cost of living throughout the whole civilized world. The upward movement of trade prices which commenced in 1899 was a perfectly natural consequence of the war. That war certainly marked an epoch in the history of trade prices and in the history of Stock Exchange quotations; but it obviously does not furnish an explanation of the drastic economic changes which commenced about that period. On the restoration of peace, prices not only did not resume the course that they had been pursuing before the intervention of a disturbing element, but they continued to rise, and their general tendency has ever since been upwards, whether trade has been good or bad, whether the world has been at peace or disturbed by war.

Profits which fifteen years ago would have been regarded by a business man as satisfactory would now be looked upon as altogether inadequate. The rate of interest has gone up, and, with it, the expectation of trade profit. In such circumstances it would be futile to expect that the price of Consols and other securities which yield a fixed rate of interest could possibly remain at anything like the level of fifteen years ago, when conditions were totally different. Nor would it be reasonable to suppose that those securities would fail to observe the economic laws by which they have always been governed. As the rate of interest in the commercial world rises, the price of Consols, debenture stocks, and other securities known as "gilt-edged" must fall; but if, on the other hand, commercial monetary profits decline, "gilt-edged" securities inevitably move upwards in price.

There is, of course, an essential difference between a rise of prices in a particular industry, or in a limited locality, and a general rise experienced throughout the whole mercantile world. In the former case the phenomenon is attributable to well-defined industrial or political causes; but any universal increase of prices necessarily implies an alteration in the value of money. Like that of other commodities, the value of money is measured by the ratio of supply to demand. If there be a large increase in the amount of gold coin in circulation, without a corresponding increase in the volume of trade, the exchange value of each unit of the currency necessarily declines, just as the exchange value of each bushel of wheat decreases if there be a large addition to the amount of wheat offered for sale without a correspondingly greater demand. As Adam Smith put it, "gold and silver, like every other commodity, vary in their value; are sometimes cheaper and sometimes dearer, sometimes of easier and sometimes of more difficult purchase. The quantity of labor which any particular quantity of them can purchase or command, or the quantity of other goods which it will exchange for, depends always upon the fertility or barrenness of the mines which happen to be known about the time when such exchanges are made." The most remarkable illustration of this fact is afforded by the effect upon prices of the discovery of the Potosi silver mines about the middle of the sixteenth century. Huge additions were then made to the stock of silver; and, as there was not a sufficient increase in the demand to counteract the effect of the vast increase in the supply, it was inevitable that the real value of the metal should undergo an enormous decline, the measure of which was indicated by the very considerable increase in the prices of all other commodities. It is estimated that during a period of

seventy years general prices rose in England by no less than four hundred per cent! That a check was eventually imposed upon the upward movement was due solely to the fact that silver fell so low in value in relation to other commodities that it became unremunerative to work any but the richest mines. Probably there is no danger that we shall have to face anything like so serious a situation in the near future. At the same time, one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact that the output of gold is increasing at a remarkably rapid rate, and that, unless legitimate currency requirements are increasing with corresponding rapidity, there must necessarily be a tendency for the metal seriously to depreciate in real value.

Until the middle of last century gold was a comparatively rare metal; the enterprise of adventurers and the labor of diggers had resulted in an output of less than £700,000,000 worth in four hundred years. But a great change was wrought by the discovery of the precious metal in California in 1848 and in Australia in 1851. During the period 1851-1885 the produce amounted to no less than £890,500,000. When, however, towards the close of that period, the great rushes in California and Australia slackened, there was a decline in the output; for the produce of the then newly-discovered gold-bearing area in the Transvaal was at first insufficient to counterbalance the diminished returns from the two other centres. Nevertheless, in the years 1886-1890 the annual output averaged £23,000,000. Then, as the productiveness of the South African mines became firmly established, the output steadily increased, and in the year 1899 it reached £65,066,000. In 1900 there was a drop to £52,621,000; but, chiefly as a result of the removal of disabilities on mining in the Transvaal, there has since been a steady and continuous yearly increase, and in 1911 the output was no less than £95,738,000. Shown in summary form the world's produce of gold has been as follows:—

Years.	Value in pounds Sterling.
Period 1450 to 1850	700,000,000
Period 1851 to 1885	890,500,000
1886	21,846,000
1887	21,765,000
1888	22,674,000
1889	25,410,000
1890	24,454,000
1891	26,883,000
1892	30,207,000
1893	32,290,000
1894	37,030,000
1895	41,202,000
1896	43,411,000
1897	49,059,000
1898	59,423,000
1899	65,066,000
1900	52,621,000
1901	54,428,000
1902	61,260,000
1903	65,895,000
1904	69,818,000
1905	75,927,000
1906	85,342,000
1907	84,949,000
1908	91,156,000
1909	94,254,000
1910	93,222,000
1911	95,738,000
Total for period 1851 to 1911	£2,315,830,000

Roughly, therefore, the output of gold was three times as great during the period 1851 to 1911 as in the preceding 400 years. Undoubtedly the actual stock of gold coin in 1911 was far more than three or four times greater than the stock in 1851; for, in the long period of 400 years, wastage and the demands of goldsmiths had absorbed a very large proportion of the gold won from nature.

It would be an economic impossibility for the enormous increase in the amount of gold placed on the market in recent years to fail to depreciate largely the value of the metal, in other words to raise general prices, unless

expansion of trade has been such as to necessitate the absorption of the additional gold into the world's currencies, or unless there have been other exceptional demands for gold. The truth is that a large part of the increased supply has been absorbed in the necessary extension of currencies, a large part has been applied to meet exceptional demands and a surplus has remained which has had an appreciable effect upon prices.

In considering the effects upon prices of variations in the currency it is desirable to refute a popular theory that, as gold forms only a relatively insignificant portion of the actual circulating medium, any variation in the quantity of the metal can have only a relatively minor effect upon prices. As a matter of fact the different elements of currency brought into being by the exigencies of trade imply the existence of a corresponding stock of gold. For example, bank notes, with the exception in this country of those issued without reserve, by the Bank of England under the Bank Charter Act, are covered by the detention by the issuing banks of an equivalent amount of specie: they simply, therefore, take the place in circulation of the gold which their face value represents, and it is a fallacy to suppose that cheques and bills of exchange augment the currency. A person who draws a cheque has, presumably, lodged with his bank gold of the value represented by the cheque. All that the check does is to transfer that gold to another person: its function is simply to save the mechanical labor of conveying bullion from one person to another. A temporary addition to the currency is certainly made if a cheque be drawn in respect of which there are no funds at the bank, in other words, in respect of which there is no gold reserve. But, in that case, the addition to the currency is a spurious one, and it is rejected with ignominy as soon as the inherent fraud is discovered. A man by accepting a Bill of Exchange merely participates in an operation by means of which someone who possesses money lends it to another who has for the time being greater need of it. Credit purchases are on a similar basis. Although no written document passes, the purchaser virtually gives a bill payable at some agreed upon or tacitly understood date. The vendor either discounts the bill himself by drawing on his own stock of specie, or discounts it at a bank by raising a loan on his book debts: in either case the result is merely to transfer the immediate control of specie from one person to another. In none of these instances is there any real addition to the circulating medium. The whole effect of the various bill-broking, discounting and credit operations is simply to facilitate the transfer of gold from one control to another: such operations do not augment the amount of the currency: they merely secure to gold its maximum fluidity.

If it be true—and it is a point on which all authorities are agreed—that prices depend upon the amount of money in circulation, it follows that for prices to remain constant the stock of gold and the volume of trade should vary in much the same proportion. If in any definite period the supply of gold increases by, say, 20 per cent. and the volume of trade by 10 per cent. only, it is evident that the quantity of gold has exceeded the requirements of trade, that there is a superfluity of gold and that, consequently, the real value of the metal has fallen. Commodities and services command a greater exchange value in terms of gold: in other words, prices are higher. When the free action of supply and demand is not interfered with by local disturbances and artificial restraints, such as war, pestilence or

strikes, the measure of the increase of price is the excess of the percentage increase in the marketable supply of bullion over the percentage increase in the volume of commerce. It is of course an obvious fact that industry throughout the world is constantly expanding; but side by side with this expansion has grown up a set of circumstances tending to increase the fluidity of money. Rapid postal services, quick transit by sea and by land, and the power of controlling money by telegraph have multiplied the services of which the coinage is capable, and, in consequence, have limited the necessity to augment it to the full measure of the increase of commerce. Despite these limiting forces, however, the enormous increase in the volume of trade during the last sixty years has unquestionably called for a large addition to the currency; but the output of the mines has more than kept pace with the increased demand and a superfluity of gold has resulted.

As gold mining has been established since 1851 on what has proved to be a regular basis, one would naturally expect that, as soon as general prices commenced to rise, the upward movement would continue and would bear a fairly definite proportion to the rate of increase of the gold output. One would expect in fact, having regard solely to the figures shown in the table of mining returns given above, that there would be a fairly large increase of prices from 1851 to 1885, possibly a period of marking time from 1886 to 1890, a further increase from 1891 to 1899, a probable rise in 1900, followed by considerable subsequent rises. The best criterion of general prices is to be found in index figures arrived at by taking the average prices of a large number of the principal articles in daily use. During the period 1851 to 1911 index prices were as follows—the standard being based on the average of prices from 1867 to 1877:—

Year.	Index No.	Year.	Index No.
1851	75	1882	84
1852	78	1883	82
1853	95	1884	76
1854	102	1885	72
1855	101	1886	69
1856	101	1887	68
1857	105	1888	70
1858	91	1889	72
1859	94	1890	72
1860	99	1891	72
1861	98	1892	68
1862	101	1893	68
1863	103	1894	63
1864	105	1895	62
1865	101	1896	61
1866	102	1897	62
1867	100	1898	64
1868	99	1899	68
1869	98	1900	75
1870	96	1901	70
1871	100	1902	69
1872	109	1903	70
1873	111	1904	72
1874	102	1905	72
1875	96	1906	77
1876	95	1907	79
1877	94	1908	78
1878	87	1909	79
1879	83	1910	81
1880	88	1911	82
1881	85		

It will be noticed that from 1851 to 1871 the index number rose from 75 to 100. The rise was a fairly steady one, although—notably during the period of the Crimean War—prices were occasionally abnormal as a result of political stress. A rise from 75 in 1851 to 100 in 1871 means that 15*s.* had the same purchasing power in 1851 that a sovereign had in 1871. The outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War resulted in a temporary exceptional increase of prices; but, in 1874, a downward movement commenced, despite the fact that a large annual addition to the world's output of gold was resulting from the success of the Californian and Australian miners. The reason for this falling-off was, however, mainly due to the facts that

Germany, which had adopted a gold standard in 1872, commenced to coin gold largely in 1875, and that the United States adopted a similar standard in 1873. From 1875 to 1885 Germany alone absorbed in new coinage nearly £100,000,000 worth of gold. The downward movement of prices was helped by diminished output of the mines during the years 1886 to 1890. The last decade of the nineteenth century was remarkable for a series of currency changes which absorbed a very large amount of gold, and fully counterbalanced the increased yield of the Transvaal mines. During the years 1892 to 1898 the Austrian mints were actively engaged in coining gold in substitution for silver: in 1894 a process of extending the use of the more precious metal in the Indian coinage was instituted: in 1897 Japan adopted a gold standard, and in the same year Russia commenced coining fifteen-rouble pieces. In Russia and Japan the amounts coined were very large, as will be seen from the appended table:—

	Amount of gold coined.	
	Russia. Roubles.	Japan. Yen.
Period 1886 to 1896	183,305,630	
Period 1894 to 1896		3,959,271
Year 1897	331,577,500	76,824,311
" 1898	263,890,000	21,385,797
" 1899	378,000,150	16,491,270
" 1900	161,575,195	12,615,549
" 1901	61,270,320	14,549,646
" 1902	51,390,135	37,269,753
" 1903	53,910,285	23,952,000

The mint return of Russia shows that, while, as is natural, a very large amount of gold is coined immediately after the introduction of, or extension of, a gold standard, the amount is greatly reduced in subsequent years. That the Japanese returns bring out this point less strongly than the Russian is due to absolutely phenomenal commercial development in Japan. Another remarkable illustration of the same point is furnished by Germany. In the ten years 1875-1884 that country's gold coinage amounted to 1,922,016,605 marks, or an average of 192,201,660 marks yearly; in the twenty-five years 1885-1909 it amounted to 2,622,781,395 marks, or an average of less than 105,000,000 marks yearly, and this despite the enormous development of German commerce during the latter period.

Since gold-mining was changed from a haphazard affair of luck to a settled industry, there has been a progressive increase in the amount won from the mines. Simultaneously, there has been a tendency for prices to advance. In all cases where the advance has been very rapid the cause is directly traceable to political disturbance, *e. g.*, the Crimean, Austrian, Franco-Prussian, and South African wars; and in those cases where the natural tendency to advance has been checked or transferred into a movement in the downward direction, the occurrence has been coincident with a change of currency by one or more of the great commercial countries, involving large but exceptional demands for gold. Parenthetically it may be mentioned that it is a matter of common knowledge that those changes of currencies which have appreciated the value of gold and reduced general prices have at the same time depreciated the value of silver, and consequently increased prices on the silver basis.

There is no doubt that the adoption of gold standards by Germany, Austria, Russia, and Japan has had an immense influence in the past in preventing an excessive increase of prices. An effect is still felt, and will continue to be felt as a result of those countries' annual demand for gold to keep pace with the legitimate growth of commerce; but the amount required for

this purpose is much smaller than that needed in the few years following the adoption of a gold standard. This is sufficiently evidenced by the mint returns of all those countries which have changed their standards.

No more countries of first-class importance are left with a silver standard, and there cannot therefore arise in the future the same extraordinary causes for preventing an increase of prices that have operated in the past. The currencies of the world have become, as it were, saturated with gold, and any output of the metal in excess of that needed to replace wastage and to supply normal additional requirements becomes a glut upon the market: it reduces the value of the whole stock, whether coined or not, just as the production of, let us say, cotton goods in excess of that required to meet the normal demand depreciates the value of, and lowers the price of, both new and old stocks of cotton goods. But the output of the mines is increasing faster than ever, and there now appears to be nothing to prevent a glut of gold. This will infallibly cause prices to continue to appreciate. If the quantity of gold placed on the market goes on increasing year by year the reduction of the purchasing power of the sovereign must necessarily be automatic. If the movement were to continue unchecked, its effect would be nothing less than the gradual crumbling away of all our economic standards, just as they crumbled away in the sixteenth century when a series of discoveries of rich silver mines cheapened money and caused general prices to rise to undreamed-of heights.

A powerful temporary check upon the increasing superfluity of gold was imposed by the Balkan War. As a result of that war, not only have there been exceptional demands for money, but large quantities of gold have been hoarded in France, Austria, and Germany. The prolonged maintenance of bank rates at a high level was only effective in bringing back into circulation a part of the money so hoarded. As, however, public confidence is restored, the remainder will be placed on the market and its effect on prices will be exactly the same as that of new gold added to circulation.

Prior to the Balkan War the financial world was in a state of something like consternation because Consols had dwindled in value. From the fact of this depreciation all sorts of pessimistic conclusions were drawn. Indeed, the idea began to take root that the international credit of Great Britain had been seriously impaired. But the funds of all the first-class Powers had fallen at the same time as, and to much the same extent as, Consols. Enormous depreciations had taken place in the quotations for Colonial Government issues, and debenture and preference stocks of great railways. All first-class securities throughout the whole civilized world had, in fact, declined simultaneously. When it became known that a conflict between Turkey and the Allies was inevitable, responsibility for the fall in price of Consols and, incidentally, of all other securities in the market was assigned to the disturbed state of Europe. A costly war inevitably has a depressing effect upon Stock Exchange quotations, and the effect is accentuated when, as in this case, there is acute danger of other countries being drawn into the struggle. The war in the East is certainly an ample reason for the depreciation in the price of securities which has occurred since it became evident that resort to arms could not be avoided, but, equally certainly, it had no bearing whatever on the crumbling away which had been going on for several years previously. A steady fall in the price of first-class

securities throughout the whole world can only be attributable to a deep-seated economic cause. In this instance one has not to seek far to discover it. The real value of money has fallen; prices of commodities have risen, and, with them, the rate of interest obtainable on money invested in commercial undertakings. If it is a commonly acted upon opinion among investors that they ought to obtain twice as much interest on money embarked in trading concerns as on that invested in Government stock they will be content with three per cent. on stock when the commercial rate is six. But if they find themselves able to obtain eight per cent. in trade there will be a stream of sellers of Government stock until the price has been sufficiently reduced to make four per cent. obtainable. The actual fall may be arrested by Government purchases for redemption of debt or on Savings Bank account; but such purchases will merely delay a natural fall and temporarily buoy up the price artificially. True equilibrium cannot be obtained until the price represents the real value of the stock in relation to other openings for the money of investors.

It is usually with a sense of grievance that one sees the marketable value of one's stock falling away; but the hardship which has overtaken the holders of Consols is no greater than that which has been inflicted upon the holders of debenture and preference stocks. All have suffered as a result of changed currency conditions, and people who have invested their money in Consols have no more right to ask the Government to make good a portion of their losses at the expense of the community than the owners of debenture stock in a railway company have to ask the directors of the company to make good their losses at the expense of the shareholders.

The same decrease in the purchasing power of money which has resulted in the depreciation of Consols has caused heavy loss to whole groups and classes of people in ways too numerous to relate. Every annuitant has to face a steady decrease in the purchasing power of his income. Most workers for wages are confronted with similar loss, for wages are seldom altered immediately there is a change in the cost of living. There is no doubt that much of that industrial unrest which has troubled, and is still troubling, Great Britain, Germany, and other mercantile nations, is attributable to the fact that the loss to workmen due to decreased purchasing power of their money wages has not always been covered by increased pay.

It is probable that in course of time economic forces will set a limit to the output of gold, although it is impossible to say when that limit is likely to be applied. As over-production causes the value of the metal to decline, the profits of mine owners will decrease. It is not outside the bounds of possibility that a point may be reached when the output of gold will diminish, not because mines at present regarded as "rich" are exhausted, but because they will not pay to work. The history of the gold mines may be something like the history of the silver mines.

Walter F. Ford.

The Fortnightly Review.

HENRI ROCHEFORT.

It is with mixed emotions that I record my own personal recollections of the late Henri Rochefort. They date back to fourteen years, to the lurid, delirious summer of 1899: when Jules Guérin, the leader of the anti-Semites, evaded arrest by shutting himself up in Fort Chabrol; when Dreyfus—bent, shattered, almost voiceless—was enduring the anguish of a second court-martial; when the boulevards were being swept of tumultuous manifestants every night by the Republican Guard—and Rochefort was living in a tranquil, charming little villa at the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne. A retreat for a sage, a poet, a dreamer: the very last abode—one would have thought—for the most thunderous figure in French public life. By rights, Rochefort the Ferocious should have been living in a vast boulevard apartment overlooking the nightly anti-Dreyfusard uproar. But there he was (when first I met him) in that innocent maisonette: in dressing-gown and slippers, amidst flowers, pictures, and frail china; actually playing with a fluffy toy lamb of the kind hawked about for two francs on the terraces of the Paris cafés. It was only his snowy white hair—brushed upwards—that made him picturesque. Pale, steely blue eyes, that lit up cruelly, evilly at times; a face seamed, sallow, and horse-like in shape; a harsh, guttural voice; large yellowish hands with long, pointed finger-nails. To ease the huskiness in his throat, Rochefort was for ever sucking lozenges. When he became agitated, he cracked them; but upon the occasion of my first visit to the innocent maisonette there was no cause for agitation. The toy lamb was the attraction. A tube was attached to it, and at the end of the tube was a bulb which, when pressed, made the lamb leap. Again and again, Rochefort the Lurid set the lamb leaping. I too, lost my heart to the lamb—and also made it frisk. Amidst all this irresponsibility, my host was pleased to pronounce me "sympathetic" and "charming"—not like the "traditional" Englishman with the bull-dog, the aggressive side-whiskers, and long, glistening teeth. Rochefort saw me to the garden-door; Rochefort actually plucked me a rose; Rochefort's parting words were a cordial invitation to visit him and his lamb again soon. So was I amazed to find myself described in his very next article as "a sinister brigand, in the pay of the Jews; in fact, one of those diabolical bandits who are devastating our beloved France." . . . A week later I approached him—and mildly protested—as he was sitting on the terrace of the Café de la Paix, drinking milk and Vichy water, sucking his eternal lozenges, and still playing with the lamb. "Bah, that was only print," came the reply. "Let us resume our game with the lamb." As he made it leap about deftly amongst the glasses on the marble-topped table, passers-by, recognizing his Luridness, stopped, stared, and smiled at the spectacle. "That's the great Rochefort," said the maitre-d'hôtel to an American tourist: and stupefaction of the States. Rising at last and stuffing the lamb into his pocket, Rochefort remarked. "I must go off and do my article—but you shan't be the brigand. I feel amiable to-night, and shall write something pleasant." Next morning appeared the notorious, atrocious article demanding that walnut shells—containing long, hairy spiders—should be strapped to the eyes of Captain Dreyfus.

What was the reason of Rochefort's abominable campaign against the martyr from the Devil's Island? Since he styled himself a democrat, the champion of liberty and justice, the enemy of tyranny—one would have expected to see the fierce old journalist fighting vigorously for Dreyfus. The fact is, Rochefort was a mass of contradictions, an imp of perversity: at once brutal and humane, gentle and bloodthirsty, simple and vain; the most chaotic Frenchman that ever died. Search his autobiography, in three portly volumes: not once do you find him resting, smiling, or reflecting—it is all thunder and lightning, an everlasting storm. Exile—duels—fines and imprisonment—wild, delirious attacks upon the Government of the day. No one escaped; for fifty years, in the columns of the *Figaro*, the *Lanterne*, the *Intransigeant*, and finally in the *Patrie*, Rochefort pursued Presidents and politicians with his unique, extravagant vocabulary. M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader, was "a decayed turnip"; M. Georges Clemenceau, "a loathsome leper"; M. Briand, "a moulting vulture." As for M. Combes, to the guillotine with him—and thto the Seine with M. Delcassé—and a rope and a boulevard lamp-post for M. Pelletan. Then President Loubet was "the foulest of assassins"; President Fallières, "the fat old satyr of the Elysée"; and Mme. Marguerite Steinheil, "the Black Panther."

For the life of me I could trace nothing of the "panther" in Mme. Steinheil during the ten terrible days that she sat in the dock of the dim, oak-panelled Paris Assize Court. As for her "blackness," Rochefort was referring to her clothes. Never even in Paris (where a widow's weeds are perhaps excessively lugubrious) have I seen deeper mourning: heavy crape bands round the accused woman's black dress, stiff crape bows in the widow's cap, a deep sombre border to the handkerchief which she clenched tightly, convulsively in her black-gloved hand. Then, under her eyes, dark, dark, shadows—which turned green as the trial tragically wore on. Impossible not to sympathize with the prisoner who, with all her follies and faults, was certainly not the murderess of her husband and mother. Not the shadow of a proof against her—but what cared Rochefort for evidence and arguments? Leaning forward in his seat in the press-box, his sallow face distorted with fury, he fixed the "Tragic Widow" with his steely cruel eyes. ("I think he was trying to hypnotize me—certainly to terrify me," relates Mme. Steinheil in her *Memoirs*.) Again and again he cracked his lozenges; gesticulated angrily with his large yellow hand. During the adjournments, he held forth violently in the corridors of the Law Courts. Not only was Mme. Steinheil the murderess of her mother and husband, but she was also the assassin of President Félix Faure. She poisoned him in the Elysée, at the instigation of the Jews, who knew that so long as Faure remained President there would be no revision of the Dreyfus affair. So, a triple murderess—and "crack, crack" went the lozenges. Later, when it became certain that Mme. Steinheil would be acquitted, Rochefort declared that judge and jury had been "bought"; and that the Government had all along protected the "Black Panther." His hands were trembling, the sallow face had turned livid, when at one o'clock in the morning the jury filed into the dim, stifling court to deliver their verdict. It was "Not Guilty" on all counts—and then a scene of the wildest enthusiasm. Cries of "Vive Mme. Steinheil," and "Vive la Justice!" Rocking and swaying to and fro on the rickety benches, the barristers cheered, applauded, and flung their black képis into the air.

Up, too, went the képis of the charming women barristers; more shouts and bravoes from the journalists and the public at the back of the Court. And Mme. Steinheil? She had fainted, and was being carried out of the dock by the Municipal Guards. And Henri Rochefort? Shaking, speechless with rage he roughly pushed his way out of Court—cracking his lozenges with such savagery that he must have very nearly broken his teeth.

However, as I have said, there were two Henri Rocheforts—and the virtues of the second almost made amends for the vices of the first.

The second Rochefort quickly revealed himself at the age of twenty. He was a medical student, and, on witnessing a surgical operation, fainted. Said the surgeon to the student's father, the aristocratic old Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay: "Your son is either a remarkable fellow, or a fool." Shortly afterwards young Rochefort harangued the surgeon and his fellow students upon the "iniquities" of vivisection; and that ended his short medical career. Another outburst at the Hotel de Ville, where Rochefort next accepted a petty clerkship at a pound a week. His colleagues were underpaid and overworked: a scarcity of light and utter lack of ventilation in the dusty, shabby office-rooms, resulted in cases of acute anæmia and consumption. "We must have light—floods of it. We must have air—great, healthy draughts of it," shouted youthful Rochefort to a high official. "I'm strong enough myself and don't care; but look at your other clerks. Martyrs, victims! *"De l'air, de la lumière, nom de Dieu!"* It is reported that the high official—a stout, pompous, apoplectic soul—was struck dumb by Rochefort's invasion of his private sanctum. At last he gasped, "If you were not the son of a Marquis——." But Rochefort interrupted, "My father is dead. He died a fortnight ago. But I have no predilection for titles. My name is Henri Rochefort." For all that, Rochefort was something of an aristocrat—*"la race"* remained, in spite of his assumption of democracy. He was, in fine, a democrat-aristocrat—most chaotic of combinations: and therein lay the secret of his turbulence and incoherency. Like all French aristocrats, he was a militarist at heart. He was the ally of Boulanger. He was the hottest champion of Paul Déroulède, when that well-meaning but impossible "patriot" attempted his celebrated *coup d'état*, on the morning of President Félix Faure's funeral, by establishing General Roget as a military dictator in the Elysée. He was, furthermore, an anti-Semite. "Pale, white blood," he cried disdainfully of the French noblesse. His own blood was vigorously red—but tinged indelibly with blue. Yes; *"la race"* remained, persisted—clashed inevitably with the true spirit of democracy. And hence, the chaos, the thunder-and-lightning; from out of which there nevertheless shone tenderness, chivalry, and a love of beautiful things. He loved music, sculpture, pictures—and whilst urging on France to declare war against England over the Fashoda affair, announced in my hearing that he would rather annex a portrait by Reynolds than a province in the Soudan. He loved animals, and animals loved him. Wild fury of Rochefort when a bull-fight was advertised to take place at Enghien-les-Bains, a fast, tawdry little gambling resort on the outskirts of Paris. When the Government declined to forbid it, down to Enghien went Rochefort and a number of friends. Sallow-faced old Rochefort seized hold of the "impresario" who was organizing the bull-fight, and shook him. "I and my friends are going to wreck your arena," he shouted. Nor did he release the

"impresario" until the latter had promised that the bull-fight should not take place. Then, if Rochefort had been all vindictiveness and luridness, how could it possibly have come to pass that he was the guest of the great-hearted Victor Hugo, when both of them were exiles in Brussels? And if the hoarse-voiced, steely-eyed old journalist had been all venom and savagery, how came it that he was the devoted, admiring friend of that very noble, if disconcerting, apostle of humanity—Louise Michel, "the Red Virgin."

Londoners may remember the frail, thin, shabby little woman who denounced social injustices in a dingy hall in a back street off Tottenham Court Road some ten years ago. In appearance she was nothing—until she spoke. And when Louise Michel spoke, ah dear me, how one realized the miseries grimly and heroically endured by the poor of this topsy-turvy world! The shabby, frail, little figure—with the big, inspired eyes—became galvanized. From London to Paris, from Paris to every European capital, travelled the "Red Virgin"—incomparably eloquent, the woes and sufferings of her fellow-creatures at once crushing and supporting her. Herself, she cared nothing for. The same old threadbare black dress; the eternal dim attics and meagre food; the same old self-sacrifice, the same old despair, the same old breakdowns from weakness and exhaustion.

Rochefort—Victor Henri Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay—sought her out in her attics. When the "Red Virgin" was travelling and lecturing abroad, Rochefort instructed his foreign correspondents to look after her. He bought her a country house, which she promptly sold; he gave her an annuity, which she mortgaged; he arranged that his tradespeople should serve her in his name: but house, annuity, provisions—everything went to the poor. "I can do nothing with her," Rochefort once told me. "I believe the only time she takes food is when I insist upon feeding her myself. She is at once sublime and adorable and ridiculous! When I tell her she is killing herself, she replies, 'Tant pis, mon petit Henri. But you yourself will die one of these days.'" A week later, Louise Michel expired suddenly, from exhaustion, at Marseilles. Sallow-faced, white-headed, red-eyed old Rochefort was the chief mourner at the funeral. As he walked, bent, trembling, behind the hearse of the "Red Virgin"—crack, crack went the lozenges.

The month of June, 1912. Rochefort's daily article in the *Patrie* missing; and again missing the next day, and the day after that—the first time octogenarian Rochefort has "missed" his daily lurid article for fifty-two years.

On the fourth day, there appears in the *Patrie* the following intimation: "I shall soon reach my eighty-second year; and it is now half a century since I have worked without a rest even in prison or in exile, at the hard trade of a journalist, which is the first and the most noble of all professions—when it is not the lowest. I think I have earned the right to a rest. But it will only be a short one. My old teeth can still bite."

However, the "rest" in the country is prolonged—and the teeth don't "bite" again. Eyesight becomes misty. Hearing next fails. Behold Rochefort in a dressing-gown, stretched on an invalid's chair in a drowsy country garden—whence he is transported, as a last hope, to Aix-les-Bains: where he dies.

The 30th June, 1913. Day of Rochefort's funeral. All Paris lining the boulevards and streets as the cortège, half-a-mile long, passes by. A crowd

of all kinds and conditions of Parisians. Here's M. Jaurès, "the decayed turnip." There's M. Clemenceau, "the loathsome leper." Over there, M. Briand, "the moulting vulture." And their heads are uncovered; there's not the faintest resentment in their minds; as the remains of lurid yet kindly old Rochefort are borne away round the corner under a magnificent purple pall.

The Contemporary Review.

Round the corner; and up the steep hill to the vast, rambling Montmartre Cemetery. Tombs, shadows, silence, mystery within the cemetery walls; but beyond them, the hectic arms of the Moulin Rouge, and the lurid lights of night restaurants. In this mixed atmosphere contradictory, lies Henri Rochefort: an appropriate resting-place.

John F. Macdonald.

FILS D'ÉMIGRÉ.

I.

"Grandpapa," said Anne-Hilarion, "please to tell me what is 'ven-al-ity?'"

Mr Elphinstone looked up. "Eh, what, child?"

"I read in this great book," proceeded Anne-Hilarion, in his clear, precise, and oddly stressed English, "This ven-al-ity co-in-cid-ing with the spirit of in-de-pend-ence and en-cro-ach-ment com-mon to all the Pol-y-gars pro-cured them—"

"God bless my soul, what book have you got hold of?" demanded the old man, but before he could finish pulling himself out of his arm-chair by the fire there was a knock at the library door, which, opening, revealed an elderly woman in a cap.

"Master Anne's bedtime," said she, in a Scotch accent and severely, and stood waiting. Almost at the same moment there appeared by her side an old man of obviously Continental nationality. In his hands was a salver; on the salver, a china bowl. "M. le Comte mangera-t-il ici avant de monter, ou dans sa chambre?" he inquired.

The little Franco-Scottish boy who was both "Master Anne" and "M. le Comte" looked from his retainers to his grandfather. What he desired was so clearly visible in his expression that Mr. Elphinstone, whipping off his spectacles, said,

"He will have his bread-and-milk down here, Baptiste. I will ring for you, Elspeth, a little later."

The housekeeper retired, with a tightening of her tight lips, and Baptiste, advancing victoriously, placed the steaming bowl on the table, beside the volume of Orme's "British India" which had been engaging the child's attention. Anne-Hilarion, who had screwed himself round in his chair, turned his dangling legs once more table-wards.

For a few minutes nothing was heard in the large book-lined room but the noise of a spoon stirring the contents of a bowl, while the old gentleman by the fire resumed his reading. But presently the spoon grew slower in its rounds, and Mr. Elphinstone, looking up, beheld a large silent tear on its way to join the bread-and-milk.

"My child, what is the matter?" he exclaimed in dismay. "Is it too hot?"

M. le Comte produced a handkerchief. "I think," he said falteringly, "that I want my papa."

"My poor lamb," murmured the old man. "I wish to God I could give him to you! See now, my bairn, if you were to bring your bowl here, and sit on grandpapa's knee?" He held out his arms, and the small boy slipped from his chair, went to him, and, climbing to his lap, wept a little,

silently, while his bread-and-milk steamed neglected on the table. Mr. Elphinstone's faded apple cheek was pressed tightly on the top of the brown, silky head, and the deep frilled muslin collar round Anne-Hilarion's throat was crumpled, unregarded, against his breast.

It was a July evening of 1795 that filled the big London house with dying radiance; but though it was high summer there was a fire in the library, because Mr. Elphinstone was an old man and a sedentary, and still felt England cold after long years in India, and because M. le Comte de Flavigny had had whooping-cough in the spring. By that fire there sat now with Mr. Elphinstone two shadows. One was a real shade, Janet Elphinstone, Marquise de Flavigny, whom her son could scarcely remember, though to her father it seemed only yesterday that she, a child, had slept thus on his knee, all rosy and tumbled. The other, God help him, might be a shade too by this time—her husband, the French émigré, René-Constant, Marquis de Flavigny, gone with hundreds of other Royalist exiles on that ill-fated expedition to Quiberon concerning which sinister rumors were even now afloat. And that was why, however much Anne-Hilarion desired it, he could not have his father back this evening . . . .

II.

"I wonder how far it really is to France," speculated M. le Comte next day, sitting at the window of his nursery and looking down into the square. "It does not help that Elspeth should say 'a great way' and that Baptiste should tell me how very ill he was when he came over with M. le Marquis years ago. I know that one goes there in a boat; I wish I had a boat. I might have asked the gentleman who told me stories about the sea that day at Richmond, when grandpapa took me there in the spring, for he was lieutenant de marine. I wish that M. de Soucy would come here again, and I would ask him. If he were not so poor he would consent to dine with us more often, grandpapa says."

The Comte de Flavigny had a fairly extensive acquaintance among the colony of French émigrés in London, Mr. Elphinstone keeping open house for any of his son-in-law's friends. Among these more or less destitute gentlemen Anne-Hilarion especially favored a former companion-in-arms of his father's, a certain Chevalier de Soucy, older than the Marquis, but almost fantastically devoted to him, yet prevented, by a wound recently received in one of the many small gun-running expeditions on the Breton coast, from enlisting with his friend in the émigré regiments destined for Quiberon. So he was still in his lodgings in Golden Square, eking out a living by teaching his native tongue.

And Anne-Hilarion, sitting this morning on his window-seat, thought a good deal about M. de Soucy. He had no chimerical visions of setting out for France by himself, for his was a singularly sane mind. But it did appear to him that, with a little encouragement, M. le Chevalier, who had seemed so disappointed at having to remain behind, might be induced to go, privately as it were, and to take him with him—not, of course, to fight, but just to find papa. The difficulty was that the Chevalier, ruined by the Revolution, was very poor. Grandpapa said so, and indeed M. de Soucy himself, always with a laugh. But if he, Anne-Hilarion, proposed such an expedition, it was surely his duty to defray its cost. Could he do this? He had, in his money-box, a crown-piece which would not go through the hole in the lid, and which grandpapa had therefore introduced by means less

legitimate, means which had revealed the presence of many other coins in the receptacle. There might be as much as a guinea there by this time. Anne-Hilarion could not get at this wealth, but if he went to interview M. le Soucy he could take the box with him, and perhaps M. le Chevalier would open it.

The preliminary step would certainly be to consult M. de Soucy. But how to do that alone? How to get to Golden Square without the escort of Elspeth or of Baptiste? Elspeth in particular had a wary eye and a watchful disposition. There seemed no way to evade her but to call in miraculous intervention, and this Anne-Hilarion resolved to do.

Little, however, did Elspeth Saunders, that staunch Calvinist, imagine, as she impatiently surveyed the bairn at his "Popish exercises" that evening, what it was that caused their undue prolongation, nor what forces were being invoked against her. Little did she realize to what heavenly interposition was due, at least in Anne-Hilarion's mind, the fact that the next afternoon, at half past one precisely, she slipped on the stairs and twisted her ankle rather badly, so that she had to be conveyed to her room, and Baptiste went to fetch the doctor. M. le Comte had not in his orisons specified the hour of the miracle (nor, of course, its form), but he was on the alert. Mr. Elphinstone was nowhere about, so he slipped into the library and penned, not without labor, the following note:

Dear Grandpapa,—I think to go to France with M. le Cher de Soussy, if God permits and there is mony suffisant in it, to find my papa. It must have been my ange gardien that pushed Elspeth; she must not mind; perhaps even it was St. Michel lui-même. I will not be gone for long, dear Grandpapa. I love you always.

He stood upon a chair and put this communication on the library mantelpiece; then, clutching his money-box, he struggled successfully to the front door, and set out towards the hackney coaches standing for hire on the other side of the square.

III.

Anne-Hilarion met no dragons on his adventurous way. The hackney-coachman was most agreeable, and willingly agreed to wait, on arrival at Golden Square, in case he might be wanted again. The only obstacle to progress was the purely physical barrier of a stout and slatternly woman who, at that unusual hour, was washing down the dingy staircase, and whom he was obliged to ask to let him pass.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the woman, turing in clumsy surprise. "And what are you doing here by yourself, my little gentleman?"

"I have come to see M. le Chevalier de Soucy," answered Anne-Hilarion. "He is above, is he not?"

"The French gentleman? Yes, he is. I'll go first, dearie; mind the pail. To come alone—I never did! And who shall I say?"

"The Comte de Flavigny," responded the little boy with due gravity.

Strange to say, M. de Soucy, in his attic room, did not hear the announcement, nor even the shutting of the door. He was sitting at a table, with his back to the visitor, his head propped between his hands, a letter open before him. There was that in his attitude which gave Anne-Hilarion pause; but he finally advanced, and said in his little clear voice,

"M. le Chevalier."

The émigré started, removed his hands, and turned round—"Grand Dieu! toi, Anne!"

His thin, haggard face looked, thought Anne-Hilarion, as if he had been crying—if grown-up people ever

did cry, about which he sometimes speculated. But he was too well-bred to remark on this, and he merely said, in his native tongue, "I have come to ask you, M. le Chevalier, to take me to France, to find my papa."

M. de Soucy, putting his hand to his throat, stared at him a moment. Then he seemed to swallow something, and said, "I am afraid I cannot do that, my child."

Anne-Hilarion knew that grown-up people do not always fall in at once with your ideas, and he was prepared for a little opposition. "Your health is perhaps not re-established?" he suggested politely (for he was master of longer words in French than in English). But M. de Soucy made a gesture signifying that his health was of no account, so Anne-Hilarion proceeded.

"I have brought my money-box," he said with a very ingratiating smile, and, giving his treasury a shake, he laid it on the table at the Chevalier's elbow. "I do not know how much is in it. Will you open it for me?"

M. de Soucy snatched up the letter, jumped from his chair, and went to the window. He stood as if looking out on the leads and the chimney-pots, but as he had put his hand over his eyes, he could not, thought Anne-Hilarion, have seen very much. And gradually it began to dawn upon the little boy that the Chevalier must be offended. He remembered having heard grandpapa say how impossible it was to assist him with money, and he felt very hot all over. Had he done something dreadful?

But M. le Chevalier suddenly swung round from the window. His face was as white as paper.

"Anne," he said in a queer voice, "money won't find your father for us. He . . . my God, I can't tell him . . . Come here, child. Bring your money-box."

M. le Comte obeyed.

"First we must see whether there is enough in it, must we not? It costs a great deal of money to go to France, and, as you know, I am poor."

"I think there is a great deal, but a great deal," said Anne-Hilarion reassuringly, shaking his bank. "Will you not open it and see, M. le Chevalier?"

"Yes, I will open it," answered M. de Soucy. "And . . . if there is enough, we will go to France. But if there is not enough, Anne—and I fear there may not be—we cannot go. Will you abide by my decision?"

"*Foi de Flavigny*," said the child gravely, giving him his hand.

How wonderful are grown-up people! M. le Chevalier had the strong box open in no time. Together they counted its contents.

"Seventeen shillings and four pence—no, five pence," announced M. de Soucy. "I am afraid, Anne . . ."

M. le Comte drew a long breath. The muscles pulled at the corners of his mouth.

"It is not enough?" he asked rather quaveringly.

"Not nearly. Anne, you are a soldier's son, and you must learn to bear disappointment—worse things perhaps. We cannot help your father in that way." Again M. de Soucy struggled with something in his speech. "I do not know, Anne, how we can help him."

Fortunately it was not given to the Comte de Flavigny to read his friend's mind, but he perceived sufficiently from his manner that something was not right. He reflected a moment, and then, remembering the celestial intervention of the afternoon, said,

"Perhaps I had better ask la Tres-Sainte Vierge to take care of him. I do ask her every day, but I mean especially."

"You could ask her," answered de Soucy, bitter pain in his eyes.

"You have no picture of Our Lady, no statue?"

"Not one."

"It does not matter," said the little boy. "Elspeth has taken away my picture of her. They do not know her over here, but that," he added with his courteous desire to excuse, "is of course because she is French. . . . M. le Chevalier, I think after all I had better ask St. Michel, because he is a soldier. It would be more appropriate for him, do you not think? I will pray St. Michel to take great care of my papa, and then I shall not mind about the money not being enough."

So, standing where he was, his eyes tight shut, he besought the leader of the heavenly cohorts to that end, concluding politely, if mysteriously, "Perhaps I ought to thank you about Elspeth."

"I had better go back to grandpapa now?" he then suggested.

M. de Soucy nodded. "I will come with you," he said.

IV.

Anne-Hilarion had not been missed, for the domestics were still occupied about Elspeth's accident, and Mr. Elphinstone, though he had returned to the library, had not found his farewell letter. The only surprise which the old gentleman showed was that his grandson should be accompanied by M. de Soucy. He got up from a drawing of one of the gates of Delhi that he was making for insertion in the great MS. volumes of his memoirs, at which he had now been working for some years, and welcomed the intruders.

"Anne has been paying me a visit," said the Frenchman. "He wanted to go to France, but I have persuaded him to put it off for a little.—Can I have a word alone with you, Sir?"

"Did you not get my letter, grandpapa?" broke in Anne-Hilarion, clinging to Mr. Elphinstone's hand. "I left it on the mantelpiece, behind the little heathen god. I did not run away, *foi de gentilhomme!*"

"Send him out of the room," signalled the émigré. But Anne-Hilarion, having perceived Mr. Elphinstone's occupation, was now in great spirits. "Let me look at the *livre des Indes*, grandpapa! I so much love the pictures. *Faites-moi voir les éléphants!*" And he jumped up and down, holding on to the arm of his grandfather's chair.

But the old man had followed M. de Soucy to the window.

"What is it, monsieur?" he asked in a whisper. "Bad news from France?"

"Read this," said the Chevalier, thrusting the letter into his hands. "It could hardly be worse. D'Hervilly attacked the Republican position at Ste. Barbe five days ago, and was beaten off with frightful loss. God knows what has happened by now—what has happened to René—the worst, I have small doubt—"

Mr. Elphinstone unfolded the letter with shaking hands, but ere he had got to the bottom of the first page Anne-Hilarion's voice, oddly changed, broke in upon them.

"I can see my papa! I can see my papa! He is lying on a great white beach by the sea. There are many people—many ships, soldiers. Papa is ill or asleep; he has a cloak over him——"

Both men turned hastily to see the child kneeling on his grandfather's chair, his elbows on the table, staring down intently at something directly under his eyes. It was the saucer of Indian ink with which Mr. Elphinstone had been drawing. The old man caught the younger by the arm, for he at least, after years in the Orient, knew what was happening. M. de Soucy, making a long disused gesture, crossed himself

"Now he's waking up. He has a

pistol in his hand. I do not know what——*Papa! Papa! ne faites pas cela! Papa.*'" Anne-Hilarion's voice rose to a scream; he flung out his arms and fell forward on the table, his curls in the stream of ink from the broken saucer.

V.

And at that hour the rain was falling steadily on the white sand of Quiberon Bay, on the long low dunes, on Hoche's triumphant grenadiers, on the tiny crumbling fort which had seen Sombreuil's tragic surrender, on the useless English ships, on the lines of Royalist prisoners, and on the upturned face of René-Constant, Marquis de Flavigny, who lay, shot through the thigh, a short stone's-cast from the rising tide. All about him were the evidences of the great disaster, but for long he had not heeded them, lying where he had been left, by a little spur of rock that had its extremity in the sea. He had been unconscious when two men of his regiment—Loyal-Emigrant—had carried him there, hoping to get him on board one of the boats of the English squadron. But the rescuing boats were already overladen; the getting off to them was very difficult, and there was no chance for a fainting man when even good swimmers perished. So they had laid him down by the rock; he was no worse off than hundreds of others, and neither the cries of the drowning nor the boom of the English cannon wakened him.

But now he had drifted back to pain and the thirst of the stricken and the numbing remembrance of catastrophe. He knew not at first why he lay there, for he had got his hurt up on the sandhills. He had tried to raise his head, but desisted from the pain of the effort, and the fingers of his left hand ploughed idly into the sand. As it dribbled through them, white as lime, he remembered everything . . .

The Marquis's eyes, so like Anne-Hilarion's, darkened. Since there was no one to make an end of him, he would do it himself, not so much to end the pain and to hasten a lingering death as because everything was lost. And he would go to Jeannette.

But his senses were playing him tricks again. One moment he was here, a piece of driftwood in the great wreck; the next, he was in Mr. Elphinstone's library, going again through that dreadful parting with Anne-Hilarion, promising him that he would soon return, and the boy was clinging to him, swallowing his sobs. He could hear them now, blent with the plunge of the tide. Better end it, and go to Jeannette.

He thrust down a hand, tugged a pistol out of his belt, cocked it and put it to his head.

But ere the cold rim touched his temple sky and sea had gone black. Flashes of radiance shot through the humming darkness, steadying to a wide sunflower of light, and then . . . he saw distinctly Anne-Hilarion's terrified face, his little outstretched hands. His own sank powerless to the sand, and he was swept out again on the flood of unconsciousness.

VI.

"Not a single blessed patrol, by gad!" thought Mr. Francis Tollemache to himself. "That means they have got at the port wine and beer we landed at Fort Penthièvre; trust the sansculottes for scenting it out. But, O gemini, what luck for us!"

For Mr. Tollemache, the youngest lieutenant of the *Pomone*, the English flagship, was at that moment, midnight, steering a small boat along the shore of Quiberon. On his one hand were the lights of the English squadron, yet in the bay; on the other, the Republican camp-fires among the sandhills. The files of

Royalist prisoners had started hours ago up the peninsula on their march to death, but Sir John Warren was still hoping to pick up a fugitive or two under cover of darkness, and Mr. Tollemache's was not the only boat occupied on this furtive errand. But it was emphatically the most daring; nor had Sir John the faintest idea that Mr. Tollemache was hazarding his own, a midshipman's, and half a dozen other lives in the search for one particular Royalist. Mr. Tollemache, indeed, never intended that he should.

A rescued Frenchman sat already in the stern-sheets—one of the soldiers, picked up earlier in the day, who had carried M. de Flavigny down the beach. Truth to tell, Mr. Tollemache had smuggled him into the boat as a guide, for the task of finding the wounded man in the dark would otherwise have been hopeless. But the Frenchman could direct them to the little rock by which his leader had been laid, and, rocks being uncommon on the long handy shore, he did so direct them. Unfortunately, as Mr. Tollemache, no expert in tongues, could not always follow his meaning, they had not yet found it. Already, indeed, they had made hopefully for some dark object at the water's edge only to ascertain that it was a dead horse, and Mr. Tollemache's flowers of speech at the discovery had not withered till the body of a drowned Royalist slid and bumped along the boat's side. But meanwhile, even though the shore was unguarded, it was getting momentarily more difficult to see; the tide was rising once more, the men were getting impatient. After all, it *was* rather a wild-goose chase.

The French soldier tugged suddenly at his arm. "*V'là, m'sieur!*" he whispered hoarsely. "There is the place—that is the rock!"

The young lieutenant peered through the gloom, gave a curt order or two, and, lifted on the swell the *Pomone's* boat greeted the sand of Quiberon Bay. Another moment, and Englishman and Frenchman had found what they sought. But only Mr. Dibdin's special maritime cherub averted the discharge of the cocked pistol which the Marquis de Flavigny still grasped, and which Mr. Tollemache had some difficulty in disengaging before they got him into the boat.

The middy, now in charge of the tiller, desired as they pulled away to be informed why his superior officer had been so set on saving this one poor devil.

"Oh, I met him once in England," replied Mr. Tollemache carelessly and quite untruthfully. "(Here, give me the tiller now.) It makes a difference when you have known a man, you see."

For he was ashamed to avow the real motive power—his chance acquaintance that afternoon at Richmond with a younger member of the family. At any rate, it was not a safe thing to let a midshipman know.

They were nearing the *Pomone* when the Marquis de Flavigny, at their feet, his head on his compatriot's knee, began to mutter something. The middy bent down.

"The poor beggar thinks he's talking to his wife—or his sweetheart," said he, pleased at being able to recognize a word of French. "Anne, her name seems to be."

Mr. Tollemache, in the darkness and the sea-wind, turned away his head and smiled.

Many weeks later Anne-Hilarion, from the haven of his father's arms, suggested yet another use for the contents of his money-box. He proposed to make over the receptacle in its entirety to Lieutenant Francis Tollemache, of His Brittanic Majesty's Navy, now on leave, the same to be employed in whatever manner that officer deemed best.

"*Dites donc, papa,*" he said, nestling nearer, "when he comes this afternoon to see us, can I give my box to him for saving you—for he is not poor, like M. de Soucy, and therefore it is permitted to me to offer him money, is it not?"

The Cornhill Magazine.

The Marquis folded him closer. "Keep back then one little coin for thyself, Anne."

"But *I* did not save you, papa!"

"I would not be too sure of that," said the young man dreamily.

D. K. Broster.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"Celia," I said sternly, looking up from my paper, "I have something to say to you, child. Cease your trifling for a moment; refrain for the nonce from writing absurd messages on the back of my collar, which can only be read by others."

"They'll tell you about it," said Celia, writing busily. "It's nothing very private."

"Really, I can't think why your nurse allows you a pencil. Do you know that this collar was quite clean when I started wearing it, and that there's nearly half the month to go?"

"I am rich," said Celia. "I will buy you a third collar."

This gave me the opening I sought. I put down the paper and turned gravely to her.

"Don't buy clothes for me, woman," I said bitterly; "buy them for yourself. Heaven knows you need them."

"I knew Heaven knew, but I didn't know *you* did," replied Celia gladly. "Hooray! Now I shan't feel so extravagant. Two dinner frocks, a hat, a——"

"Celia, you misunderstand me. Listen." I cleared my throat once or twice. "What I am about to read to you is from *The Times*—our first paper."

"Thank you. Our first husband," she added with a wave of the hand.

I began to read:—

"'There is an orgy of undressing going on,'" I read, "'and it shows no signs of abating.' This refers to women's clothes," I explained—"'an orgy of undressing.'"

"Oh, the shame of it!" said Celia in a shocked voice.

"'Five years ago women still wore skirts and bodices which covered them, stockings thick enough not to show the color of their skins, and sufficient —er—stays and petticoats to conceal the details of their persons.'"

"Oh, fie, fie! Oh, la, Sir! How vastly improper, I declare," twittered Celia, and she swooned along the sofa.

"'Nowadays, women wear almost nothing under their gowns. Petticoats——'"

"Is this Russia?"

"'Petticoats went some time back and were replaced by tights——'"

"Where are the police?"

"'Or not replaced at all. The stockings are of such diaphanous silk as to embarrass the beholder, and they are not covered by any but court shoes.'"

"Not even by waders?" cried Celia. "Oh, say at least that they wear waders!"

I put down the paper.

"Celia," I said, "this is very distressing. There is a further passage about the muscles of the legs, or rather limbs, being visible 'halfway to the knee' which I cannot bring myself to read. What have you got to say? Any defence you care to make will be

given my most careful consideration."

"Who is the writer?"

"It doesn't say. Just a woman."

"Does she say what she wears when she goes on to the top of a 'bus?"

"My *dear* Celia, you don't think that anybody connected with *The Times* knows anything about the top of a 'bus? How vulgar you are!"

"I only just wondered. Ronald, *are* you very much embarrassed when you behold a diaphanous stocking halfway to the knee? Do you go about all day being embarrassed? Are you just one big blush?"

"I—er—of course. This orgy of undressing—er—pains me. And why do you do it? Simply because other women do it. Because," I became sarcastic—"because it's the *fashion!*"

"Men are just as bad."

"Oh, no, they're not. You don't find men doing things just because some absurd person in Paris tells them to."

Celia looked at me thoughtfully.

"Supposing," she said, "it was the fashion to wear your tie all sideways, do you mean to say you wouldn't do it?"

"Of course not."

"Then why are you doing it now?"

Hastily and with as much dignity as possible I straightened my tie.

"Talking about orgies of undressing," Celia went on, "the bottom button of your waistcoat's undone."

"It always is," I said, smiling gently at her ignorance.

"Oh, horror!"

"It's just a custom. One always—you see if you—the point is—well, it's just a custom."

"It embarrasses me very much," said Celia, veiling her eyes with her handkerchief. "And why do you always turn up the ends of your trousers? Is that quite nice?"

"But surely—I mean, why——"

"It's—it's most suggestive. Anybody can see your diaphanous silk ankles. And, what is much worse, I *believe* they could guess the color of your skin underneath. 'Good Heavens,' they'll say to each other, 'and I quite *thought* he was a little black boy.'"

"This is mere levity."

"Why do men wear much lower collars than they used to? Is it so that women can see the muscles at the back of their necks at work? Oh, horror piled on horror!"

She picked up the paper and began to read the article for herself.

"That's right," I agreed. "Ponder over it alone."

I walked over to the glass and had another go at straightening my tie.

"Ronald," said Celia suddenly, "are you a Liberal or a Conservative? I always forget."

"We are Liberals," I said. "That is to say, *I* am a Liberal, and *you* naturally desire to drop any silly Conservative ideas you may have had before marriage and become a Liberal too."

"Are you a supporter of the Government?"

"As long as Asquith behaves himself we support the Government. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. Only this article rather hints that woman's passion for undress has a good deal to do with politics. The writer wonders how much 'our almost bare feet and quite bare arms and neck owe to Mr. Asquith's indifference to stable government.' So you see it's really *your* fault that I am so entirely improper. Yours and—er—Mr. Birrell's. Is it Mr. Birrell, by the way? I always forget. I mean the man at the Irish Office who won't let me wear top boots when I'm paying a call."

"Birrell," I said absently. I took the paper from her and slowly finished the article.

"Well!" I said. "Well, of all the —— How perfectly—— Really, *The Times* ought to know better. I've never read anything so ridiculous."

Punch.

"It *is* rather a stupid article," said Celia indifferently.

"Stupid?" I said. "It's perfectly absurd."

A. A. M.

THE NERVE DOCTOR.

When Apollo in the "Iliad" spoke to Poseidon of the race of men as like the leaves, now glowing with life and again languishing spiritless, he might have been thinking of their nervous breakdowns. Dr. Musgrove[1] is quite epic in the use of similes. He starts with one which, turned in Fielding's style, would run: "As when an express train speeding from London to Edinburgh at sixty miles an hour, the passengers sitting comfortably without a thought of impending trouble, suddenly they feel a jerk and a jar and the train comes to a standstill and is reduced to an inert mass without power; so in the prime of life a man about to reach the heights towards which he has been for long years striving, suddenly finds himself incapable of the work in which he rejoiced and" —in short breaks down; his nerves gone. The simile is apt for the layman who is to be warned of his ignorance and indiscretions that he may not fall into the hands of the Faculty and suffer from them a tedious recovery.

From about forty-five is the fateful age when the danger of nervous breakdown is always an imminent possibility. Men are then in the full stress of work or have become stale with the ennui of too much leisure. It is about the time when the body begins to shirk vigorous exercise; when vigorous exercise may indeed be harmful, and when the poisons produced by foods and drinks are eliminated less regularly and rapidly. Bad habits begin to show their cumulative effects and the recovery after indiscretions is less certain and slower. This is the age when instruction should be given in the laws of health; though it is a doubtful question whether, like virtue, health can or cannot be taught. If it can, then is the time to teach it—at the fool or physician stage of life. Unfortunately at this age we can only be half-timers in the school of health; and the best we can do is from time to time to hurry for ad hoc instruction to the doctor; and it is often perfunctorily given.

The difficulty about the laws of health so called is that they are so particular and individual. No law of feeding, or drinking, or exercise, or amusement can be stated as a universal. The exceptions amount in the end to as much as the rule. There is no lack of knowledge of the healthy stimulation of fresh air; but enthusiasm for open windows may be dampened by experience of resulting bronchitis, asthma or deafness. We may so easily mistake draughts for ventilation. Who can be sure that he takes his hot or cold or Turkish bath on all occasions with discretion? We may take exercise when we need rest and be sleeping or resting when exercise is the proper regimen. No law of health is more authoritative than "Thou shalt not eat too much": but there is an equally valid law against eating too little; and between the two nothing is easier than to go wrong. A

1 "Nervous Breakdowns and How to Avoid Them." By Charles D. Musgrove. Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1913. 2s. 6d. net.

man is worried and irritable, and according to the symptoms is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He hears of hobbies, and tries golf. He need not be surprised if Dr. Musgrove warns him that he has mistaken his hobby and must give it up. It increases his worry and irritation, and a course of light novel reading or pottering with photography would have been more soothing; a statement which to most of us we hope is incredible. But always your expert when he gets beyond a few general directions abandons you to blunder amongst the particulars and to make yourself worse or better just as it may chance. You are then like the doctor who does not understand your "constitution." You have to try experiments on yourself as a special case distinct from every other individual; and this kind of self-knowledge is at least as difficult to acquire as any other knowledge of oneself. The trained doctor even can do little for you in the ordinary irregularities of health. He prefers you to be ill so that you can be classed in some definite category. Then he has all the ascertained rules for the occasion. He is at home with you in a fever and will lay down the law confidently; but if you desire his directions for avoiding the ordinary indigestion you take with your every meal he possibly knows even less than yourself. In that the patient must minister to himself.

Nervous breakdown is doubtless often due in the case of the ordinary healthy person, who has no specific nervous history, to a long-continued course of infractions of the law which he ought to know applies to himself, but which he has failed to grasp. While many illnesses are in the nature of accidents, a nervous breakdown is very commonly a slow malady brought on by the imprudences and irregularities of ordinary life. Mental trouble and worry, excessive strain and anxiety of work, pecuniary difficulties or domestic trouble may affect us first on the mental side and then follow the disorders of digestion which poison the nerves. We always prefer to trace a nervous breakdown to the more dignified of the two origins. Generally however this is a usteron proteron account of the history. More usually our case is only another form of that "commercial travellers' dyspepsia" which afflicts those unfortunates whose meal-times are compulsorily varied, owing to the exigencies of their occupation and the vagaries of railway trains. We easily see this sort of thing must be wrong; and to the degree in which we choose or are compelled to live as irregularly as the commercial traveller, the nerve consequences from dyspepsia will follow. And yet there arises here one of the familiar dilemmas. Intervals, says one of our laws, must not be too long; another says they must not be too short. Break the long interval by a "snack" and you probably take the next meal too soon. Avoid the snack and your next meal is too long postponed.

We despair of avoiding the nervous breakdown in a domain where anarchy and not law prevails. Pope's first version of Nature at large in the "Essay on Man" was that it was "An endless maze without a plan." His second thought was that it was "not without a plan." If he had considered the laws of health he might have veered about with the same looseness of conviction. Nature provides our daily bread, the staff of life; it is her greatest boon and a two-shillings duty on wheat would be devastating. Yet our expert Dr. Musgrove gives us the startling information that "bread accounts for more dyspepsia than all other causes put

together, and for more miserableness than all the incidental troubles and misfortunes of life in one." And if for more dyspepsia, by a simple inference for more nervous breakdowns. How then is the "hale old gentleman of eighty" to be explained, who takes every night a supper of this very staff of life with cheese and beer and walnuts, going to bed immediately afterwards and waking up fresh and vigorous in the morning? Are cheese and beer and walnuts the antidotes to the poison in the case of this remarkable old gentleman? Most of us, as Dr. Musgrove truly says, if we took such a supper would go to bed to stay. The antidotes do not operate for us. The oracle gives no reply; and left to our own meditations on the laws of health we can only conclude that we must take our nervous breakdowns, with other misfortunes, as they come.

The Saturday Review.

RUDYARD KIPLING.*

It will be forty-eight years in December since Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay, "between the palms and the sea." This new edition commemorates that old attachment, and by its air of solid grandeur seems to announce that the pain and disillusion of twelve years ago is disappearing, and that the Wax-Moths and Bandar-log have had their day. It is, indeed, an edition such as few writers ever attain to, alive or dead, and might be regarded as a surprising compliment to so young a man if he were not so old an author, and so inured to the triumphs of precocity. The journalist who startled India with "Departmental Ditties" at twenty-one, and "Plain Tales" at twenty-two, who was known everywhere by the time he was twenty-five, was translated in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* at twenty-six, and "held up" the business of two continents while he fought pneumonia at thirty-four is not a good subject for surprise. It is another trophy, but his belt bristles with them; and after all, as he must know very well, his first duty is not to contemplate this edition, but to make it incomplete. For what is twenty-three volumes to such a man? Petty writers, stay-at-homes and decanters of words might be content with this or even less; but to a man who has made experience his gong, to whom the whole mechanism of man and beast is Venus Annodomini, as old as sin and as young as to-morrow, what is it? When the 1,050 purchasers of this edition place the last of its twenty-three volumes on their shelves twenty-two months hence, let them leave a space, and let it yawn at Mr. Kipling from 1,050 libraries until he fills it.

It would be an amusing exercise to collect the exclamations of the scholars and gentlemen of twenty-five years ago as they picked up "Plain Tales"; they were so entirely unprepared for the Kipling planet, with its "superb flashes of vulgarity" upon the elements of life. A sharp series of æsthetic shocks had armed them for anything that the long-haired tribe might attempt in these islands; they were well entered, also, in the jargon of the social conscience; they understood heart-searchings; but this close-cropped style was as far out-side their philosophy as the things which it expressed were outside their life. It affected them like clipped margins. They had no heart at all for straight

* "The Bombay Edition of the Works of Rudyard Kipling." Vols. I., II. (Macmillan. 21s. net each.)

talks from the hills. It was a voice from the frontiers, and the frontiers had not been asked to speak. The voice, however, continued to speak every year with increasing force—"apparent power," they call it—and the public was not to be frightened by old gentlemen with pens. The public was revelling in the new author, "barbarity" and all; schoolboys had his tales by heart; and the critics stood down in favor of a new genius and a new world. That he should have discovered this new world and this new art in the five years or so after his return from school in England is one of the most wonderful things about Kipling. It is not only that he became in those few years a first-class journalist, a journalist of almost intolerable efficiency, with a passion for the makers and the making of things and an infallible ear for the symbol and the trade term; but he had already discovered the British Army, in the only part of the world where it was vocal and had nerves, and had adopted already that philosophy of the Group, which is either the Law of the Service or the Law of the Jungle, as you please, and, by extension, the Law of the Nation and of Empire. Death is already, to this young man of twenty-one, "that *pukka* step miscalled 'decease'"—the last department in the Service.

A breath of wind, a Border bullet's flight,
A draught of water, or a horse's fright—
The droning of the fat *Sheristadar*
Ceases, the punka stops, and falls the night
For you or me. Do those who live decline
The step that offers, or their work resign?
Trust me, To-day's Most Indispensables,
Five hundred men can take your place or mine.
The moral of half his stories is there.

It is not a cheerful philosophy, but it is good Anglo-Indian, and it sees men through. For India, it seems,

is a place beyond all others where one must not take things too seriously—the mid-day sun always excepted. Too much work and too much energy kill a man just as effectively as too much assorted vice or too much drink. Flirtation does not matter, because every one is being transferred, and either you or she leave the station and never return. Good work does not matter, because a man is judged by his worst output, and another man takes all the credit of his best, as a rule. Bad work does not matter, because other men do worse, and incompetents hang on longer in India than anywhere else. Amusements do not matter, because you must repeat them as soon as you have accomplished them once, and most amusements only mean trying to win another person's money. Sickness does not matter, because it's all in the day's work, and if you die, another man takes over your place and your office in the eight hours between death and burial. Nothing matters except home-furlough and acting allowances, and these only because they are scarce. It is a slack country, where all men work with imperfect instruments; and the wisest thing is to escape as soon as ever you can to some place where amusement is amusement and a reputation worth the having.

A liverish philosophy no doubt, but it was made for liverish men; an exile's philosophy, but it is meant for exiles; and to say that the men out there have a keen sense of exile, what is it but to say that they are English and cannot afford to forget it? Phil the planter took to dropping his English correspondence, and began to look on India as his home: "Some men fall this way, and they are of no use afterwards." The mockery and irony in Kipling's Indian tales are in the spirit of this paradox, for they are the mockery and irony of a true believer.

When he mocks, it is as a colonel curses his regiment, because he is at ease in his faith. No man believes more heartily than Kipling in the game of life, but he takes an artist's pleasure in life's handicaps. He enjoys the spills. Home writers may talk till doomsday of running society and government by laws of science; Kipling recognized from the first, watching his elders going about their work in India, that society and government are run on race and character, and depend on quite irrational loyalties and prejudices on which one can count—plain as a pikestaff to members of the group, but to the intelligent outsider, a Fabian statistician, for example, madness and folly. It is odd to think that Mr. Bernard Shaw, after so long deploying those wonderful wits of his on the feverish work of reform, should have come round at last to where Kipling began, to the law of the Group and the denial of Progress.

This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap; the being a force of nature, instead of a feverish, selfish clod of ailments and grievances.

This Kipling knew at eighteen, taught by the best schoolmaster, the blood in his veins, and in the best school, the outskirts of the world, where boys become men in a single action and men come to nature without Nietzsche. He began to create at the point where Shaw lays down his pen. French critics talk of his *désinvolture*. His *désinvolture* is the club-philosophy of a hard-living service, in which to be sentimental is to be unfit. In such a service the sentiments must rough it, and death, drink, debts, and adultery be reckoned up among the chances of the day. There is waste, of course, in such a life; every now and then The Boy goes under, or the heat tells; but even Aurelian McGoggin learns not to be such an ass; and a service which makes Stricklands, Finlaysons, and Gisbornes is a great service—or else the men in it are great, which is the same thing in the sight of God. There is nothing finer in the poets of nature than Gisborne in his *rukh*. Of course, love suffers. Kipling in these stories is hard on women, if they are white; he takes it out in comradeship, with a man or a dog. Had it been his wife who offered to sleep in the veranda in the rain, Strickland would not have minded, but "Tietjens was a dog, and therefore the better animal." We are dealing once more with the imperfect philosophy of fact. It is a fact that for such a life a married man is maimed; that "he travels the fastest who travels alone." Captain Gadsby was a devil in a charge, until he married and, becoming a father, found life so precious that he must make it perfectly safe; that is to say, he was no good for anything any longer, and sold out. It is only when the girl is dark and of the country that Kipling is tender; and indeed, in all these books of stories, his tales of the rest-houses are better than his tales of the clubs. When the Three Soldiers are forgotten men will still read the fantasy "On the City Wall," and the tragedy of Bisesa with the broken hands, and Har Dyal's song:—

My father's wife is old and harsh with years,
And drudge of all my father's house am I,
My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

It was the good fortune of Kipling, when he discovered this Indian world, to have already discovered his art. The art of Kipling is the art of a journalist, and he learned it at once. When the *Pioneer* sent him, at twenty-

three, to visit the sheds of the East India Railway he was not content to discover how engines are made, but the personalities of engines must be made clear to him, as their makers and drivers feel them; and he found the language of the fitters, "as caught in snatches, beautifully unintelligible." Here, we say, is the soul of Kipling in the making, and the whole strength and weakness of his method—the love of the mystery, the craft; the worship of the man who "has done something," who "knows"; and the hunger for fact. Mark Twain had a touch of it, and Mark Twain was a hero to the young Kipling and helped to make him. They had the same philosophy of work, as who should say, like Huckleberry Finn, "it amounted to something being captain of that raft"; and they had the same faith in "fact." Kipling interviewed him in 1887 and "listened, grovelling," while he explained:—

Just now, for instance, I was reading an article about "Mathematics." Perfectly pure Mathematics. My own knowledge of mathematics stops at "12 times 12," but I enjoyed that article immensely. I didn't understand a word of it; but facts, or what a man believes to be facts, are always delightful. That mathematical fellow believed in his facts. So do I. Get your facts first—then you can distort 'em as much as you please.

It was advice which Kipling hardly needed; for during all this first period of his, and even in some of his latest work, he is a journalist who finds things out and tells them as fiction. It is his art to let life speak through him, and it is his trick to disclaim. "This is no work of mine. My friend, Gab. Misquilla . . . " From the start he was aware that in all narration, as Stevenson said, the only way to be clever is to be exact, and that the best story-tellers are the poor, "for they must lay their ear to the ground every night." It was often, as we may see, half-a-crown for your story—and have another drink.

They told me this story in the Umballa Refreshment Room while we were waiting for an up-train. I supplied the beer. The tale was cheap at a gallon and a half.

We owe a great deal to this taste of Mulvaney and his friends, and to the McIntosh Jellaludins of the East. His allusiveness, which irritates some people, is part of the convention. No Englishman, and few Frenchmen can match him in the brusque economy of the short story, in which the episode bites in its own background and nothing is lost and nothing is explained. He is a striking opener.

Let it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt. As an Oriental he is charming.

Or he wishes to show you in the first sentence that he is at home with facts. It is the opening of "Venus Annodomini":—

She had nothing to do with Number Eighteen in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, between Visconti's Ceres and the God of the Nile.

Such is the power of a catalogue in skilled hands. But his masterpiece in this way is the opening of the story of Jellaludin, the Oxford man who turned Mahomedan, in "Filed for Reference." We will leave it to the reader to guess how many, even of Oxford men, could tell that Loggerhead is the old name for the bathing place now known as Parson's Pleasure, by the Cherwell angle of Mesopotamia. This was an effect after Kipling's heart; it is the art of the short story at the point where meaning breaks its neck.

In his later work, though some of our old friends are still kept going—Strickland, for example, cool as ever, and Ortheris, "pre-eminent among a regiment of neat-handed dog-stealers,"

still with a dog—he has advanced upon his original manner to something new. The soil of Sussex has got hold of him; after the lightnings of the nineties he has struck English ground. Ever since his "Jungle Books" his symbols have been deepening. There is more and more implication, which comes out in quite little things of expression; when Garm the dog was restored to his master, "his tail was a haze." It is a difficult style, but the increase of range is magnificent. From the England of "An Habitation Enforced," where the old men "come down like ellum-branches in still weather," to the cosmic impudence of "The Night Mail," is a stride almost beyond nature.

The stars ahead dim no more than if a film of mist had been drawn under unobserved, but the deep air-boom on our skin changes to a joyful shout. "The dawn-gust," says Tim. "It'll go on to meet the Sun. Look! Look! . . ." Then the Sun rises and through the colloid strikes out our lamps. Tim scowls in his face. "Squirrels in a cage," he mutters. "That's all we are. Squirrels in a cage! He's going twice as fast as us. Just you wait a few years, my shining friend, and we'll take steps that will amaze you. *We'll* Joshua you!"

He looks forward to the day when even on the Equator we shall hold the Sun level in his stride. It is in these later books that Kipling makes his amends to women. For children he had never felt anything but tenderness; and now writes more for them than for any one else—"The little ones, than whom none are so terrible if a man misplace a word, or in a second telling vary events by so much as one small devil." There is Willie-*baba*, promoted by his own action Percival William Williams, and Punch-*baba*, saying as he shut the little brown book and put it back in the cupboard, "Now I can truly read, and now I will never read anything in the world"—pure baby wisdom, and the cry of the truly educated man to this day. And there are little Jakin and Lew of the Fore and Aft, and the children of "Pook's Hill," and the Lashmar baby, but most wonderful of all, the little children in "They," the souls of little dead English children walking in the wood, by the house where all the latches are low. No wonder that children love Kipling.

We have dwelt on Mr. Kipling's art in prose because we believe that he will be best remembered by it; but his poetry is as necessary to the interpretation of his mind as Meredith's, and is, besides, by the fortune of popularity, part of the history of the nation. It was in 1888 or so, when he was travelling in the United States, that Kipling first proposed to himself the task of Imperial laureate. "Remains only," he said, "to compose the greatest song of all—the Saga of the Anglo-Saxon all round the earth. . . . . Will any one take the contract?" He took it himself, and in poems which every one knows anthemed the nation into Imperialism and the Boer War. It was the opinion of Mr. Dooley that Mr. Kipling should have died in 1899, with his "Recessional" behind him—an extreme view, even if Mr. Kipling had been a politician. He was a man with a message, however, there was no doubt of that, and it was certain that the British public would do with his poems the only thing the British public can do with poems—make a policy of them. Kipling fell with the policy, and so completely that his reputation is only now beginning to recover from the fall. It was a bad spill; and "Stalky" made it worse, for, if India is "full of Stalkys," the boy was held to have given away the man. "The Islanders" of 1902 completed the *débâcle:* it was an ill-judged poem, but perhaps ex-

cusable at a time when we were learning the lesson of the war by going mad about ping-pong. Mr. Wells has described in his "New Machiavelli," in a passage of great excellence, how Kipling struck the young men of the nineties before the war:—

It is a little difficult now (says Remington) to get back to the feelings of that period; Kipling has since been so mercilessly and exhaustively mocked, criticised, and torn to shreds; never was a man so violently exalted and then, himself assisting, so relentlessly pulled down. But in the middle nineties this spectacled and moustached little figure with its heavy chin and its general effect of vehement gesticulation, its wild shouts of boyish enthusiasm for effective force, its lyric delight in the sounds and colors, in the very odors of Empire, its wonderful discovery of machinery and cotton-waste and the under officer and the engineer, and "shop" as a poetic dialect, became almost a national symbol. . . . He rose to his climax with his "Recessional," while I was still an undergraduate.

What did he give me exactly?

He helped me to broaden my geographical sense immensely, and he provided phrases for just that desire for discipline and devotion and organized effort the Socialism of our time failed to express, that the current Socialistic movement still fails, I think, to express. The sort of thing that follows, for example, tore something out of my inmost nature and gave it a shape.

He proceeds to quote from two poems:—

"Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!"

And then, again; and for all our later criticism, this sticks in my mind, sticks there now as quintessential wisdom:—

"The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood and stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
'E keep 'is side-arms awful; 'e leaves 'em all about,
An' then comes up the regiment an' pokes the 'eathen out.
All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,
All along of abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-ho,
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!"

It is after all a secondary matter that Kipling could quite honestly entertain the now remarkable delusion that England had her side-arms at that time kept anything but "awful." He learnt better and we all learnt with him in the dark years of exasperating and humiliating struggle that followed, and I do not see that we fellow-learners are justified in turning resentfully upon him for a common ignorance and assumption.

We cannot doubt that Mr. Wells's Remington is right; but even if he were wrong, the best poems Kipling has written are about things which no change of policy or manners can corrupt—his first loves, ships and great engines, and the clutch of duty in the bare spaces:—"The Derelict" and "McAndrew's Hymn." Such a man, it is plain, can never want subjects, having an equal appetite for all experience. When the first knife was made he was there, and when the first aeroplane was launched; he was in the Jungle when Mowgli sang, and has smashed through upgusts on the Night Mail; he has seen the mark of the beast, and the canteen of the future. Let the worst happen, let India be ruled by C. G. Dés and all the world turn vegetarian, let the Jungle be rooted up and Mowgli sent by a high-browed Government to a county council

school, let all armies be disbanded and every man Jack set up his equal and equidistant booth in the world's fair,

The Times.

Kipling would still find meat and drink for his art, and in what he has done be as great a man as ever.

SWIFTS, SWALLOWS AND MARTINS.

When the trout-fisherman sees the first martins and swallows dipping over the sward of the water-meadows and skimming the surface of the stream in hot pursuit of such harried water-insects as have escaped the jaws of greedy fish, he knows that summer is coming in. The signs of spring have been evident in the budding hedgerows for some weeks. The rooks are cawing in the elms, the cuckoo's note has been heard in the spinney for some time before these little visitors pass in jerky flight up and down the valley. Then, a little later, come the swifts—the black and screaming swifts—which, though learned folk may be right in sundering them utterly from their smaller travelling companions from the sunny south, will always in the popular fancy be associated with the rest. Colonies of swifts, swallows, and martins are a dominant feature of English village life during the warm months; and though there are fastidious folk who take not wholly culpable exception to their little visitors on the score of cleanliness, most of us welcome them back each year, if only for the sake of the glad season of their stay. If, moreover, it is a question of choice between these untiring travellers resting in our eaves and the stay-at-home starling or sparrow, the choice will surely fall on the former every time.

The swift is the largest and most rapid in its flight, and its voice has a penetrating quality lacking in the notes of the rest. Swifts screaming in headlong flight about a belfry or up and down a country lane are the embodiment of that sheer joy of life which, in some cases with slender reason, we associate peculiarly with the bird-world. Probably, however, these summer migrants are as happy as most of their class. On the wing they can have few natural enemies, though one may now and again be struck down by a hawk; and they alight on the ground so rarely as to run little risk from cats or weasels, while the structure and position of their nests alike afford effectual protection for the eggs and young. Compared with that of the majority of small birds, therefore, their existence should be singularly happy and free from care; and though that of the swift can scarcely, perhaps, when we remember its shrill voice, be described as one grand sweet song, it should not be checkered by many troubles. The greatest risk is no doubt that of being snapped up by some watchful pike if the bird skims too closely to the surface of either still or running water, and I have even heard of their being seized in this way by hungry mahseer, those great barbel which gladden the heart of exiled anglers whose lot is cast on the banks of Himalayan rivers

It is however the sparrows and starlings, rivals for the nesting sites, who show themselves the irreconcilable enemies of the returned prodigals. Terrific battles are continually enacted between them with varying fortunes, and the anecdotes of these frays would fill a volume. Jesse tells of a feud at Hampton Court, in the course of which the swallows, having only then completed their nest, were evicted

by sparrows, who forthwith took possession and hatched out their eggs. Then came Nemesis, for the sparrows were compelled to go foraging for food with which to fill the greedy beaks, and during their enforced absence the swallows returned in force, threw the nestlings out, and demolished the home. The sparrows sought other quarters, and the swallows triumphantly built a new nest on the ruins of the old. A German writer relates a case of revolting reprisal on the part of some swallows against a sparrow which appropriated their nest and refused to quit. After repeated failure to evict the intruder, the swallows, helped by other members of the colony, calmly plastered up the front door so effectually that the unfortunate sparrow was walled up alive and died of hunger. This refined mode of torture is not unknown in the history of mankind, but seems singularly unsuited to creatures so fragile.

The nests of these birds show, as a rule, little departure from the conventional plan, but they do adapt their architecture to circumstances, and I remember being much struck on one occasion by the absence of any dome or roof. It was in Asia Minor, on the seashore, that I came upon a cottage long deserted, its door hanging by one hinge, and all the glass gone from the windows. In the empty rooms numerous swallows were rearing twittering broods in roofless nests. No doubt the birds realized that they had nothing to fear from rain, and were reluctant to waste time and labor in covering their homes with unnecessary roofs.

Most birds are careful in the education of their young, and indeed thorough training at an early stage must be essential in the case of creatures that are left to protect themselves and to find their own food when only a few weeks old. Fortunately they develop with a rapidity that puts man and the other mammals to shame, and the helpless bald little swift lying agape in the nest will in another fortnight be able to fly across Europe. One of the most favored observers of the early teaching given by the mother-swallow to her brood was an angler, who told me how, one evening when he was fishing in some ponds at no great distance from London, a number of baby swallows alighted on his rod. He kept as still as possible, fearful of alarming his interesting visitors, but he must at last have moved, for, with one accord, they all fell off his rod together, skimmed over the surface of the water, and disappeared in the direction from which they had come a few moments earlier.

Swifts fly to an immense height in the July evenings, mounting to such an altitude as eventually to disappear out of sight altogether. This curious habit, which is but imperfectly understood, has led us to the belief that, instead of roosting in the nest or among the reeds like the swallows, the males, at any rate, spend the night flying about under the stars. This fantastic notion is not however likely to commend itself to those who pause to reflect on the incessant activity displayed by these birds the livelong day. So rarely indeed do they alight that country folk gravely deny them the possession of feet, and it is in the last degree improbable that a bird of such feverish alertness could dispense with its night's rest. No one who has watched swifts, swallows, and martins on the wing can fail to be struck by the extraordinary judgment with which these untiring birds seem to shave the arches of bridges, gateposts, and other obstacles in the way of their flight by so narrow a margin as continually to give the impression of catastrophe imminent and inevitable. Their escapes from collision are

marvellous; but the birds are not infallible, as is shown by the untoward fate of a swallow in Sussex. In an old garden in that county there had for many years been an open doorway with no door, and through the open space the swallows had been wont, year after year, to fly to and fro on their hunting trips. Then came a fateful winter during which a new owner took it into his head to put up a new gate and to keep it locked, and, as ill luck would have it, he painted it blue, which, in the season of fine weather, probably heightened the illusion. Back came the happy swallows to their old playground, and one of the pioneers flew headlong at the closed gate and fell stunned and dying on the ground, a minor tragedy that may possibly come as a surprise to those who regard the instincts of wild birds as unerring.

That the young swallows leave our shores before their elders—late in August or early in September—is an established fact, and the instinct which guides them aright over land and sea, without assistance from those more experienced, is nothing short of amazing. The swifts, last to come, are also first to go, spending less time in the land of their birth than either swallows or martins. The fact that an occasional swallow has been seen in this country during the winter months finds expression in the adage that "one swallow does not make a summer," and it was no doubt this occasional apparition that in a less enlightened age seemed to warrant the extraordinary belief, which still ekes out a precarious existence in misinformed circles, that these birds, instead of wintering abroad, retire in a torpid condition to the bottom of lakes and ponds. It cannot be denied that these waters have occasionally, when dredged or drained, yielded a stray skeleton of a swallow, but it should be evident to the most homely intelligence that such débris merely indicates careless individuals that, in passing over the water, got their plumage waterlogged and were then drowned. It seems strange that Gilbert White, so accurate an observer of birds, should actually have toyed with this curious belief, though he leaned rather to the more reasonable version of occasional hibernation in caves or other sheltered hiding-places. The rustic mind however preferred, and in some unsophisticated districts still prefers, the ancient belief in diving swallows, and no weight of evidence, however carefully presented, would shake it in its creed. Fortunately this eccentric view of the swallow's habits brings no harm to the bird itself, and may thus be tolerated as an innocuous indulgence on the part of those who prefer this fiction to the even stranger truth.

F. G. Aflalo.

The Outlook.

THE FATE OF THE JEW.*

We have before us two books of intense interest. "The Jews and Modern Capitalism," by Prof. Sombart, is written with a brilliance not often associated with economic treatises, and its speculations may well fascinate if they fail to convince. Dr Ruppin in "The Jews of To-day" is not concerned with speculative theory, but very seriously concerned with the fate of the Jewish race. Prof. Sombart seeks to

* "The Jews and Modern Capitalism." By Werner Sambart. Translated with Notes by M. Epstein. (Fisher Unwin.)

"The Jews of To-day." By Dr. Arthur Ruppin. Translated from the German by Margery Bentwich. With an Introduction by Joseph Jacobs. (Bell and Sons.)

establish no less a proposition than that Judaism and capitalism are one, and that the commercial progress of nations has been an expression of the presence and activity of Jews. Dr. Ruppin, alarmed by the many evidences of the assimilation of the Jews by the peoples amongst whom they dwell, writes as an ardent Zionist, who has himself lived in Palestine for some years, and he dreams of a new Zion whose mission it is in his own significant words, "to be the last desperate stand of the Jews against annihilation." Prof. Sombart writes of the Jew as conqueror, as holding civilization in golden chains. Dr. Ruppin writes of him as threatened with absorption by the civilizations in which his extraordinary gifts have served him so well.

Prof. Sombart has a triumphant way with him which enables him to surmount any difficulty which confronts his thesis. Everywhere and in every age, the presence or the absence of the Jew explains, on the one hand, commercial prosperity, and, on the other, commercial lethargy or decline. Was Venice great, it was that Venice that cherished, or at least tolerated, the Jew. Did Venice decline, it was because the Jew departed. Did Columbus disover America; he did it with Jewish money—nay! is there not very good reason to believe him no Genoese, but a Jew? Did the English gain a new prosperity in the eighteenth century; it was not due to the discovery of the proper use of coal, as Jevons would have us believe, but is owing to the Jews. Did Spain lose her commercial importance; that importance departed with the departure of the Jews. Thus also you shall explain the decline of Portugal and the rise of the Dutch. We are to picture the Jew as ever gilding the land of the Gentile, and the Gentile, with varying wisdom, as sometimes tolerating and sometimes rejecting the good gift; it never appears that the Jew has been welcomed as the benefactor which this theory would prove him to be. The professor disarms the critic by his naive and confident expressions. This is how he attacks us (the italics are ours):—

"*Cannot we bring into connection* the shifting of the economic centre from Southern to Northern Europe with the wanderings of the Jews? The mere suggestion at once throws a flood of light on the events of those days, hitherto shrouded in semi-darkness. It is indeed surprising that the parallelism has not before been observed between Jewish wanderings and settlement on the one hand, and the economic vicissitudes of the different peoples and states on the other. Israel passes over Europe like the sun: at its coming new life bursts forth; at its going all falls into decay."

A page or two further on he writes:—

"Our intention is to do no more than ask a question or two, and here and there to suggest an answer. We want merely to set the reader thinking. It will be for later research to gather sufficient material by which to judge whether, and to what extent, the views as to cause and effect here propounded have any foundation in actual fact."

That is the method of the book: "Cannot we bring into connection?" The theory is propounded, and every suitable fact, or guess at a suitable fact, which can be raked together is advanced to make a case. It does not apparently occur to the professor to "ask a question or two" of his readers —to suggest to their minds that it would be well in such a connection to consider the natural resources of nations, and the change in the economic outlook of various parts of the world which ensued upon the discovery of the use of coal-power. Readers might suggest to him that the simultaneous presence in any country of wealth and the Jew may possibly mean that wealth came with the Jew, but may just as possibly mean that the Jew came after

the wealth. It is not, perhaps, surprising that Prof. Sombart treats with superficiality the rise of England in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and it is to be feared that if he had given more attention to the root-cause it would not have helped his theory. The rise of modern England, as Jevons has justly indicated, was directly due to English, not to Jewish talent. The Jew hastened to the scene of exploitation. Nevertheless we can journey part of the way with Prof. Sombart. The fierce intellectuality of the Jew, his most striking characteristic, has everywhere made him a prime personal factor in commerce.

Dr Ruppin gives us some deeply interesting statistics relating to the Jews, whom he puts at nearly twelve millions, and to the decline in the Jewish birth-rate, the increase of Jewish emigration, and the increasing tendency of prosperous Jews to intermarry with the Gentiles. Dr. Ruppin sees clearly a fact which Prof. Sombart might well consider in relation to his pet theory. It is that there are more poor Jews in the world than rich Jews, and that the extreme poverty of the race in agricultural countries shows that the Jew no more than the Gentile can make silk purses out of sows' ears. There are some millions of Jews in Russia who get a worse living out of Russian soil than the stolid British peasant wrested of old time from his. The intellectuality of the Jew is naturally of chief use in places fitted for industry and commerce.

This important tendency in its turn disposes, it is to be feared, of the main hope of Zionism. For what is Palestine? It is a country without the natural resources needed to maintain industry, and fitted at the best to sustain an insignificant agricultural population. Thus Zionism hopes to found a new centre and rallying-ground for Jewish nationalism in a part of the world peculiarly ill-suited to Jewish attributes. The true Promised Land of the Jew would appear to be, not a poor agricultural country, but a rich industrial nation forming a happy hunting-ground for the commercial spirit. It is to be feared, therefore, that Dr. Ruppin speaks with good reason of Zionism as a "desperate stand." A land which has neither coal nor iron, good harbors nor navigable rivers, and is far from centres of communication, is ill-chosen as the new home of any poor people, and least of all the Jews.

The Athenæum.

THE TRYST.

I.

Upagupta, the disciple of Buddha, lay asleep on the dust
by the city wall of Mathura.
Lamps were all out, doors were shut in the town, and
stars were hidden in clouds in the murky sky of August.
Whose feet were those tinkling with anklets, touching his
breast of a sudden?
He woke up starting, and the rude light from the woman's
lamp struck his forgiving eyes.
It was the dancing girl, drunk with the wine of her youth,

starred with jewels, and clouded with a pale-blue mantle.

She lowered her lamp and saw the young face, austerely beautiful.

"Forgive me, young ascetic," said the woman, "graciously come to my house. The dusty earth is not a fit bed for you."

The ascetic answered, "Go on your way, fair woman. When the time is ripe I will come and see you."

Suddenly, the black night showed its teeth in a flash of lightning.

The storm growled from the corner of the sky, and the woman trembled in fear.

II.

The new year had not begun yet.

The wind was wild. The branches of the wayside trees were aching with blossoms.

Gay notes of the flute came floating in the warm spring air from afar.

The citizens had gone to the woods, to the festival of flowers.

From the mid-sky smiled the full moon on the shadows of the silent town.

The young ascetic was walking in the lonely city road, while overhead the lovesick *koels* urged from the mango branches their sleepless plaints.

Upagupta passed through the city gates, and stood at the base of the rampart.

What woman was it lying on the earth in the shadow of the wall at his feet?

Struck with the black pestilence, her body spotted with sores, she was driven away from the town with haste for fear of her fatal touch.

The ascetic sat by her side, taking her head on his knees, and moistened her lips with water and smeared her body with balm.

"Who are you, kind angel of mercy?" asked the woman.

"The time, at last, has come for me to visit you, and I have come," replied the young ascetic.

Rabindranath Tagore.

The Nation.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Yoke of Pity," translated from the French of Julian Benda, and published by Henry Holt and Company has the form of fiction, but it is clear that the story was written purely for the purpose of developing the author's thesis. For he seeks to prove that in an individual the highest intellectual passion cannot exist at the same time with love or pity or devotion to domestic life. The first part of the story tells how the hero loved a woman to the exclusion of every other interest for several years. Then came the struggle of his individuality for freedom, and its assertion of its rights, despite the bondage of pity he felt for the woman he cast off. The second part finds the hero married to a marvelously sane and self-effacing woman, with whom he had the understanding that she should never intrude upon his inner life. For a time all went well under these circumstances, and his intellectual work progressed. Then the child developed incurable hip disease and the father's passion of pity for her swept away all his other interests. The "yoke of pity" this time was too much for him and he became a thoroughly domesticated man, captive and longing for his former state.

The family history seems to grow in favor as a form of fiction, and every day brings a new phalanx of kindred, including at least three generations, the individuals well differentiated, but still resembling their nearest relatives. The latest example, Mr. L. Allen Harker's "The Ffolliot's of Red Marley," has a hero whose birth and training combine to make him unpleasant to the reigning Ffolliot, almost as unpleasant as the reigning Ffolliot is to his wife and his six children, Mary, the lovely; Grantly, the military; Uz and Buz, the twins; Ger, the liberal; and Kitten, the audacious. The hero, Eloquent Abel Gallup, the victim of his father's taste in names, and predestined from his birth to a political career, is also the victim, in one way or another, of all these children, but the author allows him to escape being in the least ridiculous, gives him a great soul, and in immense earnestness leaves him a really triumphant figure. The noteworthy feature of the story is the extreme neatness of its craftsmanship. It is terse without being abrupt, and logical without being dry, and its humor never becomes caricature. No more agreeable story could be desired either for private perusal or for social reading. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. John Fox has well entitled his new story "The Heart of the Hills," for every one of its pages seems actually to pulsate with life, and as the climax approaches, the reader finds his own heart set throbbing by its mingling of young passion and the fire of hand-to-hand contest in politics, and finance, and ancient feud. The occasional glint of ironical consciousness that the conditions under which the action has proceeded are swiftly departing, and in a generation will seem incredible heightens one's pleasure, and the wildwood atmosphere in which the author revels half intoxicates the reader. It is this attribute of his work which Mr. Fox himself holds as most precious, judging by his dedication, "In grateful memory of my father who loved the great mother, her forms, her moods, her ways. To the end she left him the joy of youth in the coming of spring." From the

very beginning of his literary career, he has been as faithful to his mother-earth as a Greek to the "maiden and mother of men, the sea," and his singleness of heart is a rare quality in these days when too many allow themselves to be persuaded that one place, one party, one religion is, upon the whole, as good as any other, and end by being of no value whatsoever to any place or party, and no credit to any religion. His reward is the tremendous increase of power revealed in "The Heart of the Hills." Charles Scribner's Sons.

Approbation from the late Sarah Orne Jewett was praise indeed, not easily earned or lightly bestowed, but evidently her favorable criticism of Miss Willa Sibert Cathers's early work was not won by the flattery of imitation. Miss Jewett loved to show the beauty of quiet, unpretentious souls following the trivial round, accepting the common task. Miss Cathers likes to exhibit the fine quality of a nature almost unconscious of self; living only to guide others, to save them from themselves, to compel them to conduct their fortunes wisely, incessantly active and operative to the utmost limit of its influence. Probably the traits which especially won Miss Jewett's admiration were that Miss Cathers's charity is ready to pardon all sins and that she never preaches, no matter how great the temptation. Through her novel "O Pioneers!" move a beneficent woman and a girl whose very loveliness is mischievous, and even deadly, and about them seethes the motley assemblage of European immigrants that peopled so many parts of the Nebraska of thirty years ago, and Miss Cathers makes their history a message of enlightenment, to those whose imagination has not sufficient force to perceive all that is implied in chronological tables and statistics. Many an old Colony may envy the young State its chronicler in fiction. Houghton Mifflin Company.

The peculiar attractiveness of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "The Old Adam" is its perfect symbolic presentation of all varieties of the music-box, from the now aged pioneers, contemporary with the daguerreotype to the latest and hugest machines which, once started, repeat yards, miles, leagues of dialogue, monologue, or collective speech, regularly punctuated with clicks, and when silence seems inevitable, begin anew, until the magic roll of paper comes to an end leaving the auditor profoundly content to hear nothing at all. Mr. Bennett takes Mr. Edward Henry Machin to London at the age of forty-three and a half years, after he has made £341 by a stock speculation, and sets him to spend his unearned wealth. He is as helpless as any part of a piece of mechanism and is passed through endless changes as to clothes, food, and occupation, always on the point of stopping but ever clicking and continuing. Sybarite, theatre-owner, stage-manager, patron of actresses, partner of actor-managers, at regular intervals on the verge of ruin, always triumphing, he astonishes everybody but Robert, his son and heir, who ends the last chapter as he begins the first, by inquiring, "Isn't Father a funny man?" He is nothing less, and both his newest set of acquaintances and those who knew him when he was only "Denry" will find him equally funny. One mentally laments that Mr. Bennett does not produce something more natural, but does one close the book? Not until one arrives at Robert's last question. Thus does Mr. Bennett shape his readers' taste, and they would not have him change. George H. Doran Company.